## POEMS

ON

### SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

### By JOHN OGILVIE, A.M.



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LONDON:

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## DAY of JUDGMENT.

P O E M.

In TWO BOOKS.

Ουδ΄ αρ ετι Ζευς ισχεν έον μενΦ.—εκ δε τε ωασαν
Ατραπίων αμυδις δ΄ αρ απ' εροπη ωίεουτο
Χειρῶν απο ς ιδαζης.—
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### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

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### EARL OF FINDLATER AND SEAFIELD;

ETC. ETC.

THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

RENDERED LESS INCORRECT,

AND IT IS HOPED,
NOT ALTOGETHER UNWORTHY
OF HIS PROTECTION,

TC

WITH THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,

INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP's

MOST OBLIGED,

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. OGILVIE.

Aberdeen, May 31, 1759. TO FUE DIEUX JONECA .....

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## PREFACE.

A S POETRY in general, and particularly Rhyme, is, of all others, that species of writing which lies most open to criticism; a few blemishes (which are sometimes to be found even in the most correct pieces) will be easily pardoned by a good-natured reader. Horace's rule in this case, is an admirable one:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine; non ego paucis Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, Aut bumana parum cavit natura.

This will, I am persuaded, be allowed, if it is confidered, that an improper allegory, a long period, a forced expression, nay a word and even a sound too often repeated, is sufficient (at least with some people) to spoil the beauty of a poem. Reason decides principally on the merit of other productions; but, in this, one must endeavour to please both the judgment and the ear. The sormer are perhaps composed only for a sew speculative men, who are unfashionable enough to read for instruction: but the latter is universally perused; and it is ten to one, but every Reader is, or at least will pretend to be, a Critic. A composition of this last kind, is, like a

B 3

piece

piece of fine painting, in which the parts must be adjusted with the nicest propriety; the colouring lively, but delicately blended; and one disproportioned feature, is enough to make the whole ridiculous.

If then we ought to make fuch ample allowances for a poem, when it is composed on trivial subjects, and is addressed only to the imagination, how much farther should those be extended, when its great aim is to touch the heart! The difficulty of such an undertaking, is certainly a powerful advocate in its favour; but the defign itself, to a pious mind, must necessarily be an irresistible one.

THE human heart, like a citadel furrounded with almost inaccessible bulwarks, must (ere one can obtain access to it) be attacked with the firmest intrepidity; the feveral avenues that lead to it difcovered, and numberless accidents surmounted in the way. A man must rouze the conscience, alarm the passions, captivate the imagination, and interest the judgment. There is perhaps no subject, that affords a nobler fund of materials for effectuating fuch an end, than the general conflagration: a subject, attended with this remarkable advantage, (which, by the bye, is peculiar to Divine Poetry),

that

### PREFACE.

that the most elevated idea we can form of it, will fall infinitely short of reality. What expression can paint with adequate emphasis the solemnities of this tremendous scene! when the last trumpet shall proclaim, with a found dreadfully audible, AWAKB YE DEAD AND COME TO JUDGMENT! when miriads shall burst from their once peaceful repositories, and hear an irrevocable sentence pronounced by their CREATOR! when " a mighty angel (to use the language of inspiration), shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that there shall be time no longer:" when the great SAVIOUR of men " shall be feen coming in the clouds," furrounded with a triumphant company of fuperior intelligences, " and heaven and earth fly away before him!" Then only shall we know this transaction, when we make a part of the concourse; then only shall we form just conceptions of this almighty JUDGE, when we are fummoned to his tribunal!

As the following is one of the first essays of early youth \*, an impartial account of my design is the best excuse I can make for it.

B 4 Though,

The Poem was finished at first before the Author was seventeen.

## **D**<sup>®</sup>

ations

### PREFACE.

THOUGH, in the ancient poets, we may sometimes meet with a few random thoughts, and undigested draughts of the day of judgment; it will yet, I prefume, be allowed, that the most elegant, beautiful and particular detail of it, is contained in the facred writings. The several circumstances are there exhibited, in a manner so suited to the majesty of the fubject, that (fetting aside their inspiration,) the glowing imagery which heightens their descriptions, and their graceful fimplicity, both in expression and fentiment, must be admired by every man of taste. I have endeavoured to show the justice of this obfervation, in the following attempt, by pointing out a few passages, which appeared remarkable to me for peculiar delicacy; and beauties, which I will venture to call inimitably fine: a design, that (so far as I know) has not yet been fully executed by any writer; tho' the late ingenious Mr. PHILIPS intended to have done it, had not death prevented him. Historian sid of bonomin't

THE best method I could recollect for adjusting the successive incidents, is that I have fixed on, and pursued.

Though one may be struck with an uncommon thought, or judicious reflection; it is yet certain, that

that our imaginations are generally warmed, and the passions rise in proportion to our opinion of the persons who tell us a story, and of the actors who are interested in it. Upon this principle, I cannot help thinking, that my subject appears with more advantage, when the author is supposed a witness to every thing that passes, and is conducted through the whole by a heavenly guide, than it could possibly have done in a simple narration, however smooth in diction, or animated in sentiment.

AFTER all, if any one should think that a dream is no proper medium for illustrating the most awful, and to men the most interesting scene that can be imagined; I desire him either to fix on a better, or peruse (if he pleases) the ivth chapter of Job, where he will find the most important truths communicated to Eliphaz in a similar form.

Ir I might recommend the few sheets I have wrote on this subject for any thing, it is their design; and this, I am persuaded, with a pious or judicious reader, will go a great way to excuse their blemishes. If, however, they should excite some superior genius to attempt the theme, and describe it to better purpose, I shall not only be satisfied, but even

glory in the work I did not write. Univ. Paf. Sat. II.

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### THE

## DAY of JUDGMENT.

### BOOK I.

Fumat uterque polus. Ovid. Metam.

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OME, heav'nly muse, my raptur'd soul inspire,
Touch with one beam of thy celestial fire,
A soul, that rising with sublime delight
Leaves worlds behind in its aerial flight;
Mounts o'er the skies, unusual heights to soar,
Where Young and angels only slew before.

Americal control of the control of the

I LEAVE unheeded ev'ry mortal care,
The victor's pomp, and all the scenes of war:
A nobler aim invites my song to rise:
No praise I sing, but his who form'd the skies:
No scenes, but Nature's burning vaults display'd;
No pow'r, but that which wakes the sleeping dead.
My theme how vast! The sun's extinguish'd rays;
Ten thousand stars in one devouring blaze;

That

ns

That doom, the guilty wretch must dread to hear; 15 The last loud trump that stops the rolling sphere; The crouds that burst from earth's dissolving frame; All Heaven descending, and a World on slame.

O Thou, whose hands the bolted thunder form,
Whose wings the whirlwind \*, and whose breath
the storm:

Tremendous GOD! this wond'ring bosom raise,
And warm each thought that would attempt thy
praise.

O! while I mount along th' etherial way,
To fofter regions, and unclouded day,
Pass the long tracks where darting lightnings glow, 25
Or trembling view the boiling deeps below;
Lead thro' the dubious maze, difect the whole,
Lend heav'nly aid to my transported soul,
Teach ev'ry nobler power to guide my tongue,
And touch the heart, while thou inspir st the song. 30

'TWAS

Whose wings the whirlwind, &c.] How inimitably beautiful is the Psalmist's description of the Deity, (Ps. civ. 3. where he is said "to "walk on the wings of the wind!" An element which, with the rapidity of thought, darts away through

the regions of space;—an element, of whose swiftness the human mind can scare form an idea, is yet a vehicle so infinitely disproportioned to its Creator, that he only walks on its impetuous wings.

'Twas at the hour, when midnight Ghosts assume Some frightful shape, and sweep along the gloom; When the pale Spectre bursts upon the view; When Fancy paints the fading taper blue; When smiling Virtue rests, nor dreads a foe; 35 And Slumber shuts the Weeping eyes of Woe: 'Twas then, amid the silence of the night, A graceful Seraph stood before my sight, And blaz'd meridian day,—the rocking ground Flam'd as he mov'd, and totter'd as he frown'd. 40 As some vast meteor, whose expanded glare Shoots a long stream that brightens all the air, So slam'd his burning eyes:—earth heard and shook When from his lips these dreadful accents broke:

- " Now is thathour, when atth' Almighty's call, 45
- " Surrounding flames shall melt the yielding ball;
- "When worlds must blaze amid the general fire,
- . And funs and stars with all their hosts expire.
- "The long-delay'd, th' important day is come,
- " (All nature quake with terror at the doom.) 50
- " For which creation rose supremely fair,
- " Each world was launch'd, and hung upon the air,
- " O'er fystem fystem roll'd, a shining throng,
- " And mov'd in filent harmony along.

" That

#### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT. 14

- "That hour is come, when GOD himself shall rife,
- " Sublime in wrath, and rend the burning skies; 56
- " Arrest the boundless planets, as they roll,
- " And burst the labouring earth from pole to pole;
- " Bid hell's remote dominions hear and shake,
- " While Nature finks, and all the dead awake." 60

WARM'D as he spoke, I felt th' enliv'ning ray; Then loos'd from earth, triumphing foar'd away: We mount at once, and, lighter than the wind, Left, as we flew, the distant clouds behind. Then far remov'd beheld th' abodes below, And wait in deep suspense th' impending blow.

Now o'er the brightning east Aurora spread, And ting'd the blushing cloud with morning red; The hill's proud fummit caught the waving gleam: The pale ray trembled on the quiv'ring stream; Then opening gradual from the shades of night The cloud-topt forest shone with dawning light, Serene the beauteous landscape rose to view, The mead's green mantle wet with spangling dew, The gay-rob'd flow'rs that glow'd with heighten'd bloom, And bow'ring dales, and groves that breath'd perfume.

So when the Tempest's sweepy blast is o'er, Nor bursts the rushing wind, nor prattling show'r: No hov'ring mist obscures th' emerging day, Wide o'er the prospect pours the streamy ray; A fresher cloud the dewy fields exhale, With richer fragrance blows the balmy gale, The echoing hills with louder notes rebound, And all th' illumin'd landscape rings around. Charm'd and furpriz'd we saw the fair abode, The plains with beauty's flow'ry offspring strow'd, Beheld the city's distant spires arise, Or tow'r's dim top that touch'd the bending skies; Or view'd the wild, with trackless paths o'ercast, Where roams the lion thro' the naked waste; 90 Or pensive, ey'd the solitary pile Where flits the night-bird thro the glimm'ring ifle: Struck deep with woe, we mark'd the domes o'er-

thrown

Where once the Beauty bloom'd, the Warrior shone; We saw Palmyra's mould'ring tow'rs decay'd; 95 The loose wall tott'ring o'er the trembling shade! Or fall'n Persepolis that desert lay! Or Balbec's fanes that catch'd the quiv'ring ray! Vain pomp of pow'r!—now in the throne of kings Shrieks the 'lone owl, the raven shakes her wings. 100

THEN

### 16 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Then o'er the boundless deeps our eyes were roll'd,
The waves all brightning flam'd with beamy gold.
Here mov'd in gradual rows the billows heave,
There on the rough rock foams the madning wave,
Or dash the torrents down the cliss's sleep side, 105
Or thro' the cavern sweeps the rushing tide;
We mark'd the river's long majestic train,
And streams that murmur'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
The lake whose waves with lucid radiance glow,
Not finer tints impress the show'ry bow,
110
The fountain bubbling thro' the moss-clad hill,
And wand'ring wild the sweetly-tinkling rill.

Of view & the wild, with treakless rests o creakly

Then o'er the champain's broider'd lawns we stray,
Where gaily warbling thrill'd the wood-land lay,
Survey'd with rapture all th' inviting scene,
The vary'd landscape, and the vivid green;
A charming train of all the muses themes,
Gay meads, and pointed rocks, and purling streams;
Hills, vales, and woods in sweet disorder spread,
And blooming fields in all their pomp display'd. 120
Still at each look, (amid the countless store)
We mark'd some feature unobserv'd before;
As in the cheek with opening roses warm,
Each piercing glance improves the growing charm.

wan D

THEN fighing deep, distracted at the view, 125

" Adieu, I cry'd, ye blissful scenes adieu:

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M

"That Sun must cease to gild the flow'ry plain:

" The Moon be lost with all the starry train:

" Plung'd in one fire, each mighty frame confume,

" 'Tis God, th' Eternal God has seal'd their doom."

As once the cave its import von died

Lo! at the word (each transient ray withdrawn) A low'ring cloud at once e'ercast the dawn: 132 From its dark breast, with swelling tempests stor'd; Pale lightning flash'd, and dreadful thunder roar'd. Earth's glowing bosom felt a sudden wound, 135 And strong convulsions rent the opening ground; The rapid Whirlwind with impetuous sweep Bursts from its vaults, and rais'd the labouring deep; Rocks, cities, streams at once its wond'rous prey, It swept the woods, and bore the hills away. 140 Thus, when Olympus shook with loud alarms, \* When all th' angelick hosts appear'd in arms, Each adverse legion stood unmov'd with fear, Each God-like Cherub wav'd a flaming spear; Hills, forests, rocks their mutual rage supply, 145 They flung th' enormous mountains thro' the fky, From the deep earth th' exalted cedars tore, And buried Nature in the wild uproar,

Pro dipute butter lift toposoC and after

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<sup>\*</sup> When all th' angelic hofts, &c.] See MILTON's battle of the angels.
Book VI.

Bur now, with terror rifing on the fight, \* A burning Comet flash'd unusual light. Quick as the wind, 'the wing'd deftruction came O'er all the void, and drew a length of flame; Shap'd thro' the parting clouds its dreadful way, And pour'd on earth intolerable day. At once the cave its inmost void displays; The waving forests catch the spreading blaze; The earth no more its central fire contains, it wol A It rag'd and fwell'd refistless o'er the plains. Pale lightning flatid.

Now in a broader range the deluge raves, And rolls triumphant thro' the boiling waves; 160 O'er all the hills the rifing flames aspire, The Mountains blaze, a mighty ridge of fire! Where stood the snow-crown'd Alps, (anawful name!) Now roll'd the doubling smoke, and spiry flame;

slidW when Olympus shook with loud alarms.

the general conflagration will be effected by the near approach of a comet to the fun, is at least a probable supposition; and probability, in a subject of this kind, is the utmost that can be expected. The atmosphere of thoseirregular bodies, (which the learned have been fo much puzzled to account for), is, by the observations of the most curious, thought to confift of a continual efflux of fmoak, rifing at first to a determinate height from

\* A burning comet, &c.] That all parts of the comets themselves, and then making off to that which is opposite to the fun. It would feem reasonable from this to conclude, that the conflagration must necessarily be a consequence of suppofing the earth involved in this atmosphere, if we take in the prodigious quantity of fire lodged in its own cavities-But is not the account still more credible, when we add to these the action of the fun, which in this conjunction will be doubly intense?

While o'er the \* Andes in a whirlwind driv'n 163
Burst the blue gleam, and darkness wrapt the heav'n.
Ev'n Ætna rocks with a reluctant groan,
Sunk in a slame more dreadful than its own:
A fiery stream the deep Volcano pours,
And from its mouth incessant thunder roars.

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EACH humbler vale partakes the gen'ral doom,
The smiling meads resign their lovely bloom;
Not Asia's fields th' impetuous flood retain,
It bounds with fury o'er the wide champaign.
Whate'er to view revolving seasons bring,
Each opening flow'r, the painted child of Spring,
Bleak Winter's snow, with Summer's rosy pride,
And Autumn's ripening stores, augment the tide:
On its broad wave it bears the shining spoil,
Hills burst, rocks melt, woods blaze, and oceans
boil.

Such, man, thy life, when Death's relentless rage Crops thy gay bloom, or chils thy with'ring Age; In vain thy wish would stop th' invader's pow'r, Who spares the leaf to revel on the flow'r.

C 2

<sup>\*</sup> The Andes, &c.] A vast range thousand leagues in South America?'
of mountains which cover about a

(B)

We fondly launch, and glide along the stream!

Nor think of tempests, mis'ry, pain, or death,

The storms above us, and the wrecks beneath!

When lo! at once a cloudy scene succeeds,

It low'rs, frowns, blackens, bellows o'er our heads;

Bounds o'er the seas, and with destructive sweep, 191

Flings wave on wave, and whelms us in the deep.

WHERE now the nation, whose controuling law, Rul'd ev'ry state, and held a world in awe? Say where, BRITANNIA, thy remoter plain? Thy fields enrich'd with Plenty's welcome train? Thy fleets, to found their dreadful fame afar, And rule the deep, the thunderbolts of war? Still in my thought thy happier days detain'd, When GEORGE, when ANNA, when ELIZA reign'd; I fee, I hear the battle's wild alarms, 201 See trembling foes, and thy triumphant arms! I see sublime the floating navy rise, The pompous streamers waving as she flies! I see the shudd'ring hosts that round her fall, The \* haughty Spaniard here, and there + the Gaul. I see great Bourbon fainting and dismay'd And view the laurel blafted on his head.

0!

<sup>•</sup> The haughty Spaniardhere, &c.] + — and there the Gaul, &c.]
PHILIP II.

LEWIS XIV.

O! while my Country's glory fires my lays,
How my fond heart runs lavish in her praise! 210
But see, 'tis sted!—I urge, implore its stay,
In vain: the charming Vision dies away;
The plains where once her shouting armies stood,
The stream's broad wave that blush'd with hostile blood,

Roll'd in the mass of fire neglected lay, 215
And join'd th' involving cloud that hid the day.

ALL, all was lost on earth's consuming frame,
One gen'ral wreck, one undistinguish'd flame:
To aid the fire BRITANNIA's domes combin'd,
Nor lest one trace of all their pomp behind.

220
So when Old Earthquake bursting from the Pole,
Heaves the high mound, or shakes the tumbling mole;
His island-arm disturbs the deeps around,
His voice like thunder rocks the labouring ground:
Then stands proud Tenerist's majestic brow,

225
And looks superior o'er the wrecks below;
Bursts the broad field!—in wild confusion spread
Hills, cities, rocks, fall thund'ring in the shade;
He bows! and tott'ring o'er the verging gloom,
Marks the stupendous waste, and seeks the tomb.

230

Lo! there the graceful fabric now defac'd, Wide swells the torrent thro' the burning waste.

C

The

The lofty tow'r compleat in ev'ry part,
That stood (by millions rear'd) the boast of art;
The firm, compacted wall, that long defy'd 235
Each battering ball that thunder'd on its side;
Th' Ægyptian pyramid, majestic dome!
Where Kings exchang'd the scepter for the tomb;
The sculptur'd brass, the monumental stone,
In one promiscuous heap were all o'erthrown: 240
Whate'er beneath the forming hand was wrought,
By labouring ages to perfection brought,
Now prone in dust, to swell th' aspiring stame,
Sunk its proud brow, and lay without a name.

SEE earth's pale sons! a mighty throng appear! 245
How wild their looks with agonizing fear!
Swift, as the hart, from her pursuing train,
Climbs the steep rock, and slies along the plain;
'Tis thus, the tempest's dreadful rage to shun,
They sweep the field, and shiver as they run. 250
Here yawning gulphs their dreadful wrecks disclose,
There nature labours with convulsive throws:
Here the slame bursts, and blazes to the skies,
There slash the pointed lightnings on their eyes.
Amaz'd, aghast the trembling throng retire, 255
Eye the bright gleam, and mark the speeding sire;
Hung on the steepy cliff, all wild with dread,
Heav'n's awful thunder rattles o'er their head!

The

The skies above with doubling roars rebound,
Below strong Earthquakes rend the tott'ring ground.
'Tis noise around, 'tis chaos all beneath; 261
One scene of Horror, Tumult, Rage and Death,
Bursts on their sight! the fatal word is past,
And panting Nature groans, and breathes her last.

So, when tempestuous at th' ETERNAL's word 265.
The teeming skies a wat'ry deluge pour'd;
The vast Abyss its mighty deep display'd,
And the flood rose o'er ATLAS' towring head;
Some nation fell, in each augmented wave
Dissolv'd, and earth was one prodigious grave. 270-

See, each widen of home religion the faller

MARK where you mines their radiant stores unfold,
Peru's rich dust, or Chili's beds of gold!
Insidious Bane! that makes destruction smooth,
Thou soe to virtue, liberty, and truth!
Whose arts the fate of monarchies decide,
Who gild'st Deceit, the darling child of Pride!
How oft, allur'd by thy persuasive charms,
Have earth's contending powers appear'd in arms!
What nations brib'd have own'd thy pow'rful reign!
For thee what millions plow'd the stormy main! 280
Travel'd from pole to pole with ceaseless toil,
And selt their blood, alternate, freeze and boil.

C 4

SEE

### 24 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

SEE where a crowd thro' desert Afric spreads,
The sun's bright glories blazing o'er their heads!
See, where thro' India's distant climes they pour!
See countless throngs on Guinea's burning shore 286
See waving forests fall to make them room!
See, scoop'd for wealth the rock's expanded womb!
See, each deep gloom admits the solar ray!
See, thro' the cavern bursts meridian day!
290
See earth, air, ocean, storms, and thunders dar'd!
For what '—some pebble their immense reward!
Or bullion'd earth that sets the breast on fire,
Or hoards that tempt th' insatiate soul's desire.

But now the mantling flames in concourse join,
And deep descending seize the burning mine; 296
Its richest treasures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confusion, tumult, and amaze.
When lo! a cloud just opening on the view
Illum'd with dazzling light th' etherial blue! 300
On its broad breast a mighty Angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame,
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing sun;
His limbs with heav'n's aërial vesture glow, 305
And o'er his head was hung the sweepy bow.
As shines the brightning steel's resulgent gleam,
When the smooth blade restects the spangling beam,

Its light with quicken'd glance the eye surveys, Green, gold, and vermeil, trembling as it plays; So flam'd his wings along th' etherial road, 311 And earth's long shores resounded as he trod. Sublime he towr'd! keen Terror arm'd his eyes, And grasp'd the redning bolt that rends the skies; One foot flood famly on th' extended plain 315 Secure, and one repel'd the bounding main; He shook his arm;—the lightning burst away, Thro' heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray, Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, thro' the gloom, And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom. 320 Then to his lips a mighty Trump apply'd, (The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunders dy'd) While all th' involving firmaments rebound He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the found: These dreadful words he spoke-, 325

" Be dark, thou Sun, in one eternal night!

- " And cease, thou Moon, to rule with paler light!
- "Ye Planets, drop from these dissolving skies!
- " Rend, all ye Tombs; and, all ye Dead, arise! 329
- " Ye Winds, be still; ye Tempests, rave no more!
- " And roll, thou Deep, thy millions to the shore!
- " Earth, be diffolv'd, with all these worlds on high!

comment was some of ball sillering

" And Time, be loft in vast eternity!

" Now, by Creation's dread tremendous Sire,

" Who fweeps these stars as atoms, in his ire; 335

"By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd King;

" By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing ;

"Who reigns supreme in his august abode,

" Forms, or confounds with one commanding nod;

" Who wraps in blackning clouds his awful brow, 340

" Whose Glance like lightning looks all nature thro's

" By Him I swear!" (he paus'd, and bow'd the head, Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and said)

" Attend ye faints, who in feraphic lays have a

" Exalt his name, but tremble while you praise:

"Ye hofts, that bow to your Almighty Lord, 346

" Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!

" Thy reign, O Man, and Earth, thy days are o'er!

"I fwear by Him, that Time shall be no more,"
He spoke: (all nature groan'd a loud reply;)
350
Then shook the Sun, and tore him from the sky.

continued the transfer in an

O! would some angel's awful voice controul;

Each drooping thought, and swell my rising soul;

Would some descending seraph tune the lyre, 354

And warm my breast with more than mortal fire:

The scene I draw sublimer strains would claim,

Ev'n those might labour on so vast a theme!

But why for aid invok'd th' immortal throng?

Why call'd angelic fire to tune my tongue?

The Day of Judgment.

Beok

He spoke all Nature ground a loud Reply! Then shook the Sun, and tore him from the Sky!

1330

20 M 59

### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I see each look distracted, terrify'd,

The harp untouch'd hangs idly by their side.

I see, I see Omnipotence in arms,

Each bosom trembling at the shrill alarms!

I see the Sun fall thro' th' etherial plains;

The Moon's pale disk a bloody tincture stains: 365

The dreadful call each mightier orbit hears,

And worlds unhing'd come tumbling from their spheres.

What pomp, what terror, tumult, and amaze!
What crowds to view | what wrecks to swell the blaze!
What loud volcanoes roar! (ev'n fiends recoil) 370
What rocks to melt? what oceans yet to boil

College Marine and a selection of the College States

SHOULDST thou behold, in dreadful league combin'd,

At once great Ætna and Vesuvius join'd;
Two mighty rivals from their center rock,
Surround the deep, and hide the clouds in smoke:
Their burning bowels rent, and (dire to name!) 376
Ev'n suns extinguish'd in the spreading slame!
Say, what is all, let fire, wind, waves prevail,
Compar'd to this?—a feather, and a gale!

Rous'd from their sleep unnumber'd myriadscome, All wak'd at once, and burst the yielding tomb: 381

O'er

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per

Sive inter venas teneri concreta me-

Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit berbis,

387. Whether they lurk'd, &c. ] Explicita eft; molem rursus coalescie in unam

Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat

Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.

ADD. Resurrec. delineat.

So when by RAPHAEL's happy pencil wrought Some graceful figure rose, inform'd with thought, Each part by turns the working hand pourtray'd, Here cast the light, and there diffus'd the shade; A richer bloom each flying touch bestow'd; 406 Now on the cheek a brighter vermeil glow'd: Art in the piece with Nature seem'd to strive, And ev'ry blushing seature look'd alive.

What scenesappear, where'er I turn my eyes! 410
How wide the throng! what forms innum'rous rise!
Methinks I still behold the teeming earth
Pour all at once her millions at a birth!
They start with terror thro' the opening ground,
Flames all beneath, and thunders all around, 415
What manly vigour reigns in ev'ry part,
Fires the broad breast, and swells the bounding heart!
Not earth's first-born a mightier concourse stood,
Who towr'd like mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood;
Not He, who thro' opposing legions broke, 420
Flung the rough stone, or heav'd th' unwieldy rock,
E'er selt such force, when from th' o'erwhelming blow,
Amaz'd and trembling run the frighted soe;

When,

HECTOR. See the Iliad, lib. 12. with Hector described, lib. viii. and lbid. — heav'd th' unwieldy xiv.

Each pair by come Ne average

Are these the forms, that languishingly fair,
Repin'd, and sicken'd at each breeze of air?
The tender frames, like fading roses pale,
Whose leaves are shrivel'd by the russling gale?
To death's destructive dart an easy prey,
430
That sunk, and feebly sigh'd the soul away?

This clouded scene attempt not to explore;
Where Reason sinks, 'twere madness then to soar:
Heav'n that to each the just proportion brought,
Here bounds the slight of vain bewilder'd Thought:
When Fancy plays within its proper sphere,
436
It smiles, and shows th' unfully'd object clear;
Whene'er from that the erring guide removes,
'Tis dark; all else but puzzles, not improves.

THUS, when some Indian, for the shining gem, Tempts the rough sea, or plunges in the stream; 441 The prize obtain'd, each cautious diver saves, Who dives too deep, is bury'd in the waves.

Look round, my foul, o'er ev'ry scene below,
What millions rise, distinguish'd by their woe! 445
See

See widows, orphans, mothers, infants flain,
A feeble, harmless, weeping, fainting train!
What crowds, extinct by an untimely doom,
Are torn from life in Youth's deluding bloom!
A throng of mourners fighing by their fide,
The hoary fire perhaps, and virgin bride;
The friend whose eyes with gushing streams o'erslow,
The mother pierc'd with agonizing woe,

Draws the keen dart, that never miss'd its way; 455 Thron'd on the ruin of terrestrial things,
He sits, and tramples on the dust of kings.
See, his black chariot floats in streams of gore,
Pale Rage behind, and Terror strides before.
Not Beauty with'ring in the bloom of years, 460 Not dove-ey'd Innocence dissolv'd in tears,
Not kneeling Love that trembles as it prays,
Not heart-struck Anguish six'd in stupid gaze!
Not all the frantic groans of wild Despair;
Not helples Age, that tears its silver hair; 465
Can stay one moment the severe command,
Or wrest th' avenging dart from that resentless hand.

HERE pause:—the crowds extended on the bier Claim from the filial heart a parting tear;

What

Spend

## 32 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Spend on the tomb where drooping grandeur lies.

One mournful burst of sympathising sighs.

What crowds, extinct by an unsimely doesn,

O Death! terrific ere thy dart is try'd! Whose hand o'erturns the tow'ring domes of Pride; What wide destruction marks thy fatal reign! What numbers bleed thro' all thy vast domain! 475 Whether thy arm, its dreadful strength to show. Like Sampson's, fweeps its thousand at a blow: Or give the cannon's parting ball to fly, Or wings the lightning glancing thro' the fky. Or burfts the opening ground (whole fields deftroy'd) The city tumbling thro' the dreadful void! 481 If, in the fever, famine, plague, thou blaft Th' unpeopled earth, and lay the nations waste; Tho' all her fons, the victims of thy pow'r, Her fons, that fall by millions in an hour; 485 Yet know, thould all thy terrors stand display'd, 'Tis but the meaner foul that shrinks with dread: That folemn scene the suppliant captive mourns; That scene, intrepid Virtue views, and scorns.

THINE, Virtue! thine is each persuasive charm,
Thine ev'ry soul with heav'nly raptures warm; 491
Thine all the bliss that Innocence bestows,
And thine the heart that seels another's woes.

Dates

Can flav one moment the fevere command,

What

What the thy train, neglected, or unknown,
Have fought the filent vale, and figh'd alone?
The torrents stream'd from ev'ry melting eye?
The from each bosom burst th' unpity'd sigh?
The oft, with life's distracting cares opprest,
They long'd to steep in everlasting rest?
O envy'd misery!—what soft delight

500
Breath'd on the mind, and smooth'd the gloom of night:

When nobler prospects, an eternal train,
Made rapture glow in ev'ry beating vein;
When heav'n's bright domes the smiling eye survey'd,
And Joys that bloom'd more sweetly from the shade.

Now all appear'd ascending from the tomb, 506 Who breath'd the air, or slumber'd in the womb: The crowds that live in all th' unbounded skies, Now rais'd the trembling head with wild surprize: Stars with their num'rous sons augment the throng; Each world's majestic offspring towr'd along: 516 Thick, as the burning sun's meridian rays, The hov'ring insects basking in the blaze;

The

cannot see any reason for confining the general judgment to the inhabitants of our own world; unless we can bring ourselves to believe, that all those around us (which will share

in the same destruction) are only a vast collection of uncultivated deferts: a supposition sounded on nothing but this one argument, viz. that it cannot be consuted by ocular demonstration.

The swarms that flutter, when the day's withdrawn;
The throng that rises with the rising dawn;
The world supported by Jehovah's care,
And all the race that peoples all the air,
Rang'd on a field by labouring angels rear'd,
In dreadful length th' innum'rous throng appear'd:
Earth's noblest sons, the mighty wretched things,
Call'd Heroes, Consuls, Cesars, Judges, Kings, 521
Now swell'd the crowd, promiscuous and unknown,
The meanest slave from him who fill'd a throne:
Each tyrant now would bless the yawning tomb,
And Pride stands shudd'ring at th'approaching doom.

THINK you beheld ten thousand armies stand, 526
All form'd, and rais'd by some divine command;
Saw where the giants burst their dark abode,
While the tomb labour'd with th' unusual load.
Let Theseus, Samson, tow'r upon the plain, 530
With stern Achilles, from a field of slain:
Let Rome's and Greece' triumphant sons appear,
A Cesar there, an Alexander here:
Her splendid multitudes let Persia join,
Thy swarms, Thermopylæ, and, Issus, thine. 535
See Cannæ tainted with a purple flood,
And great Pharsalia's fields that stream with blood:
Extend

Extend the view:—See god-like Trajan's pow'r:
Th' intrepid chief proceeds from shore to shore,
Flies on the foe, and paints the recking field with gore!
Lo! next a throng of wild Barbarians come,
The crowds that triumph'd o'er imperial Rome:
See, like a cloud that gathers on the day,
Th' embattled squadrons shape their dreadful way!
Prodigious hosts! who (all their foes o'erthrown) 545
Once rul'd supreme, and made a world their own:
Next Asia's millions fill th' extended space;
Known from the rest, a soft; unmanly race;
While there, (each bosom rough with many a scar)
Stand Afric's troops, the stormy sons of war. 550

Columbus' world, a wide innum'rous throng;
Swells on the straining sight, and pours along,
Blest race! ere Discord snatch'd the gleaming shield,
Ere War tremendous thunder'd o'er the sield,
Ere Freedom ranging o'er Peruvian plains;
Mark'd their dire waste, and heard the clanking chains:
At once dim Sorrow veil'd her shining eyes,
She spread her dazzling plumes, and ey'd the skies,
Guilt, Rage, and Death, terrisic shapes! appear,
The distant tumult murmur'd on her ear;
560
She sigh'd;—and mounting on the glancing ray,
Shot o'er the scene, and sought the climes of day.

And kings and conficte Mais all consuming the

D 2

All at the madition of the IV.

Now

# 36 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Now rouz'd to life th' affembled myriads trod,

No tyrant o'er them shakes th' avenging rod; 564

'Tis Conscience speaks—th' impartial mandate giv'n

Consigns to Death, or opes the climes of heav'n;

Her looks divine the sever'd thought controu!,

Her voice like music thrills th' enraptur'd soul.

But see, where rising, a resplendent throng,
Thy sons, Europa, claim a nobler song!

Lo! Britain's heroes burst upon the sight,
Each chief who dar'd th' exulting soe to sight!

View the wide fields, where fainting armies bled!

See Blenheims, Cressi's, Agincourts display'd!

War, blood, destruction, triumphs, conquests rise, 575

And kings, and patriots bless th' enraptur'd eyes!

Let Gallia next her num'rous hosts unfold,
The crowds she rais'd by force, or won by gold:
Think you beheld th' united armies spread,
And all the crowds Turenne, or Conde led; 580

By Charles' unguided rage the throng that dy'd;
The millions murder'd for her Bourbon's pride.

Join all at once, or (if the thoughts can foar
So vast a height) yet add ten thousands more!
Say when thy soul its last idea brought,

585
Stretch'd o'er the verge of strong expanded Thought?

When

582. By CHARLES' &c.] CHARLES IX. at the massacre of Paris.

When all th' unbounded Genius foar'd on high,
Did e'er fuch numbers strike the wond'ring eye?
So vast, they mock the soul's confounded sight:
Ev'n thought falls back in its unequal slight
Too
Not tempting Hope the mighty depth can sound,
Nor Fancy's widening ken can mark the bound.

ever when uncontroul d and face.

YET, mid' the crowd that pour'd o'er all the field, A crowd which scarce the labouring eye beheld! 594 Ye monarchs, hear!—this pomp of nations join'd, These ages, empires, kingdoms, states combin'd, These boasted thousands, millions, myriads,—all Shrunk to a point unmeasurably small! Scarce, when a group of buzzing slies display Their forms, that glitter with the glancing ray; 600 Scarce less observ'd, mid' all the numbers there, One slitting wing that feebly sans the air!

ETERNAL GOD, whose word supremely wise Can crush, or people all th'expanded skies!

Who bid'st Creation wait on thy command, 605

Throw'st worlds like atoms from thy forming hand!

O! for some nobler, more exalted lays,

Some heav'nly strains, to speak thy boundless praise!

All Fancy droops on this transporting scene!

All Rapture dull! all Elegance is mean!

D 3

All

All Thought too faint all Colours cease to glow! All Fire too languid! all Sublime too low! O Thou, whose name all nature joins to raise! What feraph's voice can tell thy wondrous ways! Who show'd (how god-like was th' amazing plan!) Thy pow'r on angels, but thy love to man! 616 Thy pow'r, thy love, when uncontroul'd and free, Crush'd all their hosts, O man! and ransom'd thee,

But flay, my muse, be filent and admire; This lofty theme exceeds angelic fire! 620 Mark what new scene thy rapid glance descrys! What sudden radiance flashes o'er the skies! From heav'n's vast heights th' immortal throng descend;

The worlds below in mute suspense attend: Thro' all its tracts thy mighty theme pursue, And paint the scenes that burst upon thy view.

Now, touch'd with grief, the penfive guide survey'd Whate'er of grand this awful pomp display'd; Then rais'd in filent woe his mournful eyes, And paus'd,—till thus with intermingling fighs: 630

" SAY where, vain mortal! now the pomp of state? "The pride of kings, the triumphs of the great? " Where

- "Where now th' imbattled hoft, the whirling car?
- "Where the proud fpoils of defolating War? 634
- " Hope's flatt'ring wish, Ambition's tow'ring aim?
- " The boast of Grandeur, and the wreaths of Fame?
- "Where the gay plan by Fancy's hand refin'd,
- " That smil'd-illusive on th' enchanted mind?
- " Ah! view'd no more, these beauteous traits decay,
- " Like stars that fade before the rifing day! 640
- " Less swift the gale that skims the ruffling stream,
- " Nor flies more quick the visionary dream.
- " Hail, heav'nly Piety, supremely fair!
- "Whose smiles can calm the horrors of despair;
- "Bid in each breast unusual transports flow, 645"
- " And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of Woe:
- " How bleft the man who leaves each meaner scene,
- " Like thee, exalted, fmiling, and ferene!
- "Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight;
- "Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight; 650
- "Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,

shorts in countries administrated while

- " Can foar at once beyond the views of time:
- " Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,
- " He flies aërial on the darting wind;
- " Free as the keen ey'd eagle, bears away,
- " And mounts the regions of eternal day."

" Where several harbested hast the whitten cur

The Board of Condeque, said the weether

Ah! view date more, that because a con-

" Not this block abide the villatury dection.

tions

Book of K tola in the state of the state of

- ωροσεφη νεφεληγερετα Ζευς. ΗοΜ. of additional tailed that the out third do.

NCE more, O muse, th' Almighty's pow'r proclaim; which was a strain spatter w Once more, tho' trembling, try th' exalted theme: A theme, the labour of seraphic lays, While heav'n's majestic arches ring with praise; That rais'd at once by all th' immortal choir, Dwells on the warbling voice, and strings the tuneful Tlyre. balance in the restournolod Stort W

" Can foar at once beyond the O! if receiv'd amid the vocal throng, Saints, angels, men, that join the gen'ral fong, If, mid' each heav'nly foul's sublimer strain, These humbler lays some distant place obtain, (That boast no beauties from improving art, But feebly breathe the raptures of the heart;)

" Whofe thoughts, clate with transports all folding,

How

How bleft !—if thou, Great GOD, th'attempt should own,

Or view the meanest off ring at thy throne.

The fine delight, the flow of melting Now thro' the crowd in dark suspense detain'd 15 An awful, deep, portentous Silence reign'd: Pale Conscience lowring works a storm within, Recalls the hours, and paints th' unguarded fin; Throws all the masques of shudd'ring Guilt aside, And bares the front of Envy, Rage, and Pride. 20 Ev'n Virtue figh'd,—but Hope (an angel-dame!) O'er all her bosom pour'd celestial flame, Dispel'd the hov'ring mist that veil'd her eyes, And show'd afar the bright immortal Prize. As when at once affembled nations wait 25 Some great event, some dubious birth of fate; All stand (with dreadful expectation warm'd) Depress'd, enraptur'd, frighted, or alarm'd; The opening scene each wond'ring thought employs, And wild Amazement stops the trembling voice: 30 Such, but far more, th' unbounded throng appears. While nobler hopes, or more distracting fears Flam'd in each look, they felt a deeper care, And knew th' extremes of rapture, and despair.

How vast the prize each smiling saint survey'd! 35 While heav'n's transcendent glories stood display'd!

#### 42 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

(B)

The brightning eye beheld each fair abode;
The throbbing breast with more than transport glow'd:
But oh! no words, no image can express,
The fine delight, the flow of melting bliss,
The soft emotions thrilling thro' the whole,
The secret springs that touch'd the feeling soul,
When mid' the skies each blooming scene was view'd,
Eternal day! a sun without a cloud!
Surrounding pleasures, boundless as refin'd!
45
'Twas Fancy's food, the music of the mind!

OH fay! transporting thought! can heaven bestow Such endless prospects for some Years of woe? Are these the joys for fav'rite souls prepar'd?

Neglected Piety's sublime reward?

The opening treasures in eternal store,

T' enrich the mean, the suff'ring, and the poor?

O wond'rous bliss, too vast for mortal's sense!

Amazing love! divine benevolence!

Let heav'nly harps th' immortal anthem raise,

And wond'ring angels pour the song of praise.

YE who the tempest's bursting rage sustain,
Toss'd by the whirling wind or stormy main!
Who coolly-calm behold the dark'ning hour,
Upheld by Him who gives the storm its pow'r,

Who

Who stand superior in th' important strife, Or patient climb the rough'ning steep of Life; Yet bear the shock: - for lo th' advancing shore! Soon the black cloud, the wintry blast is o'er! See you gay scenes emerging from the gloom: 65 See flow'ry meads that breathe eternal bloom! See beck'ning angels point your fteps away! See pour'd o'er all the radiant blaze of day! Soon as the mortal veil is dropt behind, To heav'n all-ardent springs th' exulting mind, 70 Nor knows (illumin'd with celeftial light) Where once it wander'd mid' th' involving night, Where thro' the vale all-trackless and unknown It pass'd, and trod the devious wild alone. Where Darkness o'er the gloomy region spread, 75 And Virtue trembling stood, or walk'd with dread.

THEN when th' Eternal bids the tempest cease,
When drops the mould'ring dust, and sleeps in peace;
Then Faith no more shall point th' uncertain prize,
Nor lowring clouds obscure the brightning skies, 80
Nor Hope's warm wish with thrilling ardor glow,
Nor Virtue languish in th' abodes of woe,
Nor Care stray musing thro' the wildring maze,
Nor heav'n-rapt Thought dissolve in eager gaze;
But o'er the clime immortal Beauty reigns,
85
Young Pleasure sports along th' aërial plains,

oul W

Each

Each spring of joy celestial strains improve, an odw. And all the impassion'd soul is lost in love.

Yet bear the shock :- for loth advancing from! But mark that throng; what keen, destructive smart, What piercing Anguish stings the tortur'd heart! 90 While Pain's fell brood in dreadful concourse join'd, Fear, Rage, and Guilt, distract the madning mind; The gentler calm, the hours of mercy fled, At last flow Vengeance rears its gorgon head, No time remains to ease the flutt'ring breast! dor No friend to foothe the racking thought to reft! No shade to skreen from heav'n's impending doom! No hope to fleep in you diffolving tomb! 'Tis past!—and lo the blackning clouds appear! Involving darkness wraps the boundless sphere! 100 While thro' the gloom just darting on their eyes, The last pale beam shoots, trembles, fades, and dies. Ah! hopeless train—what madness to engage! To rouze (poor wretch!) Omnipotence to rage! Why dar'd you fport, and dally with a God? 10; Why fpurn'd his mercies? why contemn'd his rod? Why fcorn'd his wrath, despis'd each milder call? And forc'd from heav'n th' avenging rod to fall? O blind to fate, who, with unguarded hafte, Would fondly judge the future by the past! 110 Who once, (deluded with an airy name) is 150 1881 Flew smooth, the quick, o'er time's deceitful stream; Who, 

Who, when th' enchanting Pleasure rose in view,
Thought, vainly thought, 'twould be immortal too.
Life! 'tis the glance of some uncertain ray 115
A shadowy thing, that smiles, and glides away,
A clouded landscape, an amusing tale,
A fleeting thought, a momentary gale,
A dream, which scarce the waking soul retains,
And oft the rack, where virtue bleeds in chains. 120

But now 'twas o'er:—for from his great abode
Full on a whirlwind came the dreadful GOD:
The Tempest's rattling wings, the siery car,
Ten thousand hosts, his ministers of war,
The slaming Cherubim attend his slight,
125
And heav'n's foundations groan'd beneath their weight:
Thro' all the skies his forky lightnings play'd,
With radiant splendor glow'd his beamy head:
From his bright eyes the trembling throng retire;
He spoke in thunder, and he breath'd in fire;
130
He stood,—o'er all the boundless glory shone,
Then call'd, and darkness form'd his gloomy throne;

con the sets at Ata is moral He !

If the reader would fee a fcene of this kind drawn in the richest colours of poetical painting, animated with a furprising sublimity of sentiment, and enriched with a profusion of

collection to support of contraster.

the most exquisite beauties, he willfind it in the words of an inspired orator, Hab. iii. from the 3<sup>d</sup> verse.

of interesting. Venue backing the

132. And darkness form'd bis gloomy throne.] I cannot help looking on the following passage from the xviiith

Black clouds hung awful round the burfting ray, And veil'd from fight th' intolerable day. So when (elate his glorious course to run) O'er heav'n's blue region flames the blazing fun; The lucid stream o'erpow'rs the orbs of fight, The flack nerve trembling in the flood of light.

And offeine their, where virtue blooks in chaf

Should. which trains the waking foul retailed.

pfalm, as the noblest fentiment perhaps that ever entered into the mind of man. The pfalmist is describing the descent of the Almighty. 'Tis faid, " He bowed the heavens, and " came down, and darkness was un-" der his feet, and he rode upon a " cherub, and did fly, &c. He made " darkness his secret place: his pa-" vilion round about him, were dark " waters and thick clouds of the " fkies." HOMER'S ripinyigita Zivs makes a noble figure in the Iliad. He introduces him always in a manperpeculiarly graceful, and feems even to rife above himself in the description. The lines from HESTOD, prefixed as a motto to the title-page, are no way inferior to any thing of this kind I have met with in the writings of antiquity. VIRGIL has some fine pourtraits on the same subject, animated with all the warmth of fertile And, on the wings of all the winds; and copious imagination. But where, among all these do we find the Deity " bowing the heavens in his descent, " riding on a cherub, walking on

" darkness, forming his pavilion of

" the thick clouds of the skies, and

" appearing, (to give it in MIL-TON's inimitable paraphrase),

-Dark with excessive bright."

The subsequent verse, by an elegant antithefis, feems (if possible) to heighten the beauty of the preceding ones. " At the brightness which was " before him, his thick clouds paf-" fed," &c .- STERNHOLD and HOPKINS have given fo uncommon a turn to one part of this description, that I must be excused for transcribing it. He thought in thund

The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the beavens bigb ; And underneath bis feet he spread The darkness of the sky. On cherub, and on feraphim Full royally be rode; Came flying all abroad.

e total priming, entirely letters Every unprejudiced reader will fee, how much, in this inftance, inspiration is superior to enthusiasm.

will the sitted de 2 8

Should then some cloud his keener rays conceal,
He glows less dazzling thro' the filmy veil;
His beams absorb'd their piercing heat detain,
And gentler radiance gilds the flow'ry plain.

Now, man, if e'er, (this awful scene survey'd,) Thy foul stood trembling with unusual dread; If e'er Despair could touch thy throbbing heart; 145 If e'er thou shook'st at death's approaching dart; If, in some fight, thy pitying soul beheld A murder'd host lie gasping on the field; While ev'ry bosom pour'd a purple flood, Wound following wound, and blood succeeding blood: Attend an ampler scene!-more dreadful far! See, GOD descends, with millions at his bar! Lo! the wide field, where thousands in despair, Would fmile at death, and hug the mangling spear; Where, fir'd with rage too big to be exprest, They'd bless the reeking blade that tore their breast: O! with what joy fome mortal wound they'd feel! ] With what delight they'd clasp the pointed steel! Hungonthesmartingrack, orstretch'duponthewheel! Bleft, were some mountain, at th' ETERNAL's call, Whirl'd from its base, to crush them in the fall; 161 Would heav'n's great Sov'reign hear their only pray'r, To strew their limbs, like atoms, in the air;

Would

# 48 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Would some devouring slame their dust consume;
Or deep Volcano hide them in its womb:
165
With their last breath they'd praise Jehovah's name;
And bless their dreadful sentence in the slame.
But ah!—'tis all in vain!———

WHERE am I rapt?—fay, is the judgment come. Is this the hour for man's immortal doom? Is then the mighty Judge already nigh? Are these his banners waving in the sky? Support me, heav'n !- I shudder with affright; I quake, I fink with terror at the fight: Still, still methinks, I see the God appear; 179 Still bursts the trump, like thunder, on my ear; Still glows the scene :-- O! may it ne'er depart, But warm each thought, and burn within my heart; Woo this young breast to seek some fairer clime, And raise the soul with pleasures all sublime. Then, at that hour, when swifter than the shade, Time, Life, and Youth, and Pomp, and Beauty fade, Ten thousand blissful scenes shall charm the mind. More sweet than life, than beauty more refin'd; Where heav'nly Youth shall ev'ry smile resume, 189 And on its cheek eternal roses bloom.

SAY, do'ft thou long to reach you distant sky?

Flames ev'ry passion? does thy pulse beat high?

Do'ft

Do's thou with transport view that sparkling crown? Does thy foul tremble at thy Maker's frown? 190 O! think, the mighty prize will ne'er be hought By one brisk start, or transient shash of thought: 'Tis not the blaze of thy uncertain fire, The wild, loofe fally of some keen Defire; Each darting impulse, rapid as the flood, 195 Or boiling ferment of the tainted blood: Can these with awful Justice e'er prevail, That weighs each thought in its impartial scale? No:- ris a work that grows upon the fight, Tis god-like Virtue's regular delight: 200 Th' intrepid foul by paffion ne'er alarm'd, Improv'd by judgment, as by fancy warm'd; Whose zeal with Reason's rigid dictate forts, Glows, but not blazes, warms, but not transports; Whose conduct, squar'd by ev'ry noble rule, Forms one proportion'd, just, confistent whole: 'Tis he who does whate'er a mortal can, Yet fees defects, and thinks himfelf-a man; Who, what he wants, or ought not to have done, Nor scorns to know, nor e'er will blush to own; 210 Who knows how weak the aids from virtue brought. When Vice, fweet firen! lulls the wav'ring thought, When smooth Deceit, in Beauty's robes array'd, Tempts the bold Wish along the flow'ry mead: mange hidden our spatish the pelicon (un bus of a when

When keen Temptation prompts the heart to stray, And the warm tumult melts the foul away: 216 Who then from heav'n awaits directing light, And flands unshaken in superior might: I ind and This, this is he, who in serene repose and the Can coolly smile at earth's convulsive throws; 220 And, led by angels to their foft abode, Can feel that blifs th' ALMIGHTY now bestow'd.

Con the with widn't lufter but prevent

O'ER all the crowd he took one vast survey, With eyes that view the darkness, as the day. Each deep defign, tho' hid behind a cloud, 225 With secret acts, a countless multitude, Whate'er beneath that conscious sun was wrought, He knew, and weigh'd in one prodigious thought. Thus, (if the muse that dwells on heav'nly themes, May stoop to earth, and join two wide extremes,) 230 When some great gen'ral, with preventive care, In vast idea plans the future war;

mut a-+ in and rainal his

224. - view the darkness, &c.] This alludes to that inimitable description of the Deity's omnipresence, Pfal. caxxix; in which, after taking a beautiful survey of every thing in nature that can strengthen his argument, (for which the reader may confult Mr. HERVEY's fine paraphraje, Med. vol. ii. p 15. and 34.) he adds,

Who, what he wasts, or outly not to be \$. 11. " If I fay, the darkness shall " cover me, even the night shall be " light about me:" a thought, to which the antithefis gives fuch peculiar elegance, as may make it vye with the most expressive touches of antient, or modern poetry.

> 231. When some great gen'ral, &c.] This passage may possibly appear

Here swells a thought that sees whole squadrons flain, That plants the murd'ring cannon on the plain: Now in his mind the coming triumphs rife; He smiles, the pleasure sparkles in his eyes; He feels with joy his raptur'd bosom glow, Yet fighs with manly pity o'er the foe.

O! what black scenes that dreadful moment came, What guilt that Virtue blushes but to name! 240 Crimes that ne'er thrunk at their approaching doom, That deep ned midnight's all-furrounding gloom,

A love that (miles at mile) I innocence:

On darkness collide and cursid the coming day :

wol a voice, once tweets Thilamela's liv,

with more advantage, when com- The mighty scheme of all his labours pared with Lucan's description of CÆSAR, at his approach to the Ru-

Jamque gelidas Calar curfu superaverat Alpes,

Ingentesque animo motus, bellumque of futurum

Ceperat, ut ventum est parvi Rubiconis ad undas.

Pharf. lib. iii.

Mr. Appison has made a noble use of this sentiment in his Campaign, and has the happiest translation of it Ican think on: - Speaking of MARL-BOROUGH, before he croffed the Moselle, he tells us,

Our god-like leader, ere the stream be paft,

Forming the avondrous year within

bis thought,

His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfught.

> 242. That deep'ned, &c.] I cannot refift the pleasure of transcribing the following passage from Paradise Loft, as it is full of that lively and natural painting which prefents an object instantly to the eye of the reader, and is the highest perfection of descriptive poetry. - It is in the account of Satan's adventure with Death upon his arrival at the gates of hell.

-Such a frown,

Each east at th' other, as when two black clouds,

Now rear'd with horror their gigantic head, And claim'd the vengeance heav'n fo long delay'd.

Now in his paint the coming trlumning mides ?!

YE fons of night, whose each destructive word 245 Stabs with more keenness than a ruffian's sword; Whose hydra Love can triumph in offence, A love that fmiles at ruin'd innocence: Say, did you ne'er reflect, when at your fide Truth bled, Peace groan'd, and murder'd Virtue dy'd? Did you ne'er think, when frantic with despair 251 You've feen the anguish of some weeping fair, Whose voice, once sweet as Philomela's lay, On darkness call'd, and curs'd the coming day; Whose snowy bosom heav'd continual sighs, 255 While tears ran streaming from her lovely eyes: Ah! did you ne'er, with terror at his rod, Hear the loud voice of an affronted God? Say, has his rage, his vengeance loft its fire? Is he not still Almighty in his ire? 260 Is then his potent arm by thee o'er-rul'd? His thunder blunted, or his lightnings cool'd?

With beav'n's artillery fraught, come To join their dark excounter in mid air. rattling on.

Over the Cospian, then stand front to

How'ring a space, 'till winds the fignal blow

eron this fermional to high and the fermi

the properties had a state of

He then adds.

Sofrown'd the mighty combatants, that

Grew darker at the frown.

O! no:—ev'n now his eye pervades the whole;
Ev'n now he views, he reads thy inmost soul:
Is there one thought, that (as the darting wind 265
Unform'd and fleeting,) glances o'er the mind?
Is there an act thou trembledst to prolong?
Or word that dy'd unfinish'd on thy tongue?
Or form thou view'dst, the phantom of thy fear?
Or sound that languish'd on th' unfeeling ear?
270
Didst act some hidden guilt, to man unknown?
And wast thou then, or thought'st thyself alone?
Mistaken wretch! whose blind, unequal sense
With daring aim would judge Omnipotence;
Thy ken just glancing o'er a bounded span,
275
Would join with His who reads the heart of man:

E 3 Thou,

272. - pr thought'st thyself alone, &c.]

O! lost to wirtue! lost to manly thought!

Lost to the noble fallies of the foul, Who think it folitude to be alone.

Complaint, Night iii. ab initio.

274. — would judge Omnipotenes, &c.] To secure this passage from an objection, that it makes the Deity interest himself in trisles, I shall only observe, that its design, (and indeed the great one of this performance), is to imprint on the

mind a persuasion of the Divine Omniscience; to which a simple assent, when not accompanied with a fuitable influence on the practice, is like a midnight dream, scarce sooner recollected than forgor; and still less confistent than the reveries of a madman, whose actions are squared by the judgment he forms. Was it firmly believed, what can fill the mind with more awful reverence than the continual presence of its Creator !- was it fuitably improved, where can we meet with a more striking incitement to the love, and exercise of virtue!

Thou, like the beaming of a morning fun, the silds the east, art clouded ere thy noon:

He, in the blaze of one meridian ray,

Burns with unfully'd light, and gives eternal day: 280

Thee fancy, passion's cloudy mists o'ercast:

His all the suture, scantly thing the past.

Or form thou wheelfth, the manten of the coat ?

HE view'd in silence all the mighty scene, Tho' dreadful, mild; and awfully serene: His justice here for instant thunder cry'd, 285 But heav'nly Love stood fmiling at her side. As when some judge (on whose decisive frown Destruction lowrs) ascends his awful throne; His mind no thought of pity can controul, His dreaded hand unfeals th'important fcroll; Wild with suspence the doubting suppliant shakes, Reads ev'ry look, and trembles ere he speaks; His flutt'ring foul the vivid eye betrays, And ev'ry passion varies in his face. Thus, round the throne of their tremendous Lord, All filent wait th' irrevocable word: Ten thousand thoughts in wild confusion rise, And the rack'd foul shoots thro' the quivering eyes.

HE rose:—his looks the coming judgment show;

Resentment darken'd his majestic brow;

300

Then

from an objection, that it makes the , than the continual pr

Then view'd the throng beneath his footstool spread, Shook with a nod the burning skies, and said, (Heav'n's tott'ring concave bow'd, while all around His wond'ring hofts stood list'ning at the found.)

Affice and an army army is threating to he has an "DEPART, yedamn'd! 'tis I pronounce your doom:

"Tis I, the God who form'd you in the womb: 306

"Tis I, who left each fofter scene above,

" Left the warm bosom of celestial Love,

" Left heav'n's bright domes, and fought the climes " beneath. on as service flot-likes

" Leftall--for fcorn, contempt, and pangs, and death.

" Ingrate! O! tell the vast, th' unpity'd woes, 311

"The pangs I bore, to fave my mortal foes!

" Say, when beneath th' oppressive weight difmay'd,

" Did e'er your hand support my drooping head?

". When oft I've wept, in all my counsels foil'd, 314

" Like fome fond parent o'er an only child;

"Did you, when wretched, helpless, pensive, poor,

" Or foothe my grief, or ope the friendly door?

"What more than Rage your flinty bosoms arm'd?

"When deaf to Love, by Vengeance not alarm'd!

As when his vengeance heaven's Almitoury pour,

How topops of honds aleged thro' the tracker.

313.—beneathth'oppressive queight, chose to give the sentiment this turn, &c.] See Matth. xxx. from verse 424. as a nearer resemblance must have

This has some remote allusion to our in which the simplicity, pathos, and Saviour's pathetic complaint over delicate beauty of allegory, will need

316. Like fome fond parene, &c. ] fallen infinitely fhortof the original, Jerusalem, Matth. xxiii. y. 37. I no recommendation to a good judge.

# 56 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

- " How oft to win thy foul has Mercy stood!
- " To fright, how oft stern Justice red with blood!
- "Yet still 'twas yours, unmov'd, unaw'd by all,
- " To spurn, to laugh at Pity's melting call;
- " Alike unheard my promise, threat'ning, sighs, 325
- " 'Twas yours to fmile at speechless agonies!
  - "TAKE then, ye fiends, the wretches from my fight;
- " Take, shroud them deep in everlasting night;
- "'Mid ceaseless torments, never to expire;"
- "To bear the racks of an eternal fire;
- " To feel whate'er an injur'd God can claim, " "
- " My love rejected, and insulted name:
- "Be this their doom."—Th' ALMIGHTY spoke, and frown'd,

Heav'n heard, and hell's remotest regions groan'd.

HE spoke;—'twas done.—To make their millions

The opening gulph disclos'd its burning womb; 336
From its black breast the boiling sulphur broke,
And troops of fiends ascended thro' the smoke,
As when his vengeance heav'n's Almighty pours,
He speaks,—and lo! the forky thunder roars; 349
It bursts away, impetuous in its slight,
Till some vast cloud receives the glowing weight;

It lowrs with frowns, the trembling nations gaze;
It blots with night the sun's meridian rays;
O'er the wide skies the rolling darkness spreads, 345
And hangs, incumbent horror! o'er their heads:
At length the rattling vollies force their way,
The livid lightnings slash a paler day;
O'er heav'n's blue arch the mounting slames aspire,
And all the wide horizon teems with fire.

A CLOUD thus lowring from his brow there came; So spouts the deep with unremitting flame.

of On all below'd, from all refine d'io foon! 176

But, O! my soul, th' amazing theme forbear,
Nor dare to paint what angels dread to hear:
Let heav'nly bliss thy cooler thoughts confine,
355
And smooth with softer scenes the flowing line.
Yet stay!—one moment bid the whole unfold,
Clear the bright gem from its surrounding mould:
To warm the breast, and touch unthinking youth,
An awful pause may cull some useful truth;
360
May raise the passions with becoming pride:
'Tis Virtue's call, nor be the call deny'd,

Would's thou, O man, avoid th' unbounded woe?

Would'st feel thy breast with endless raptures glow?
Would'st

Would'st thou with triumph hear the thunder roll, 265 That rocks the nodding earth from pole to pole? Retire; be deaf to Grandeur's vain alarm, Its gilded darts, that fling thee, while they charm: Let Life's gay scenes engage thy soul no more, Pomp, Beauty, Youth, the bubbles of an hour! 370 Fix ev'ry thought on thy immortal part; Bid heav'n attend !- then trembling ask thy heart,

- " How have I walk'd thro' all this mazy road?
- " How liv'd, to gain the plaudit of my GOD?
- " How spoke? how acted? how improv'd the boon,
- " On all bestow'd, from all resum'd so soon?
- " Say, did I e'er o'er weeping Virtue groan,
- " Return her tears, and make her grief my own?
- " Have I, unmov'd by Sorrow's frantic cries,
- "Refus'd my help, my pity, or my fighs? 280 Then work and the whole unfold,

though an income from from he the country thought

371.—on thy immortal part, &c.] Homer, (who, through his whole Tuxn spessmes. - Iliad. lib. 23. Iliad, has introduced apposite reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the rewards or punishments of a awaking from a dream, in which he had feen Patroclus, talk in this man-

O womor, nea Tic est we en a idao doporor Ψυχη κή ειδωλοι, αταρΦέενες εκ ενι σαμ-Tar.

Πανύχιη γας μοι Πατροκληθ- δειλοιο

'Tis true, 'tis certain, man, tho' dead, retains ville 2 2013 11 V al

future state), makes Achilles, after Part of bimself; th' immortal mind remains;

> The form Subfifts without the body's aid, Aërial femblance, and an empty shade! This night my friend, so late in battle loft, Stood at my stde .-

> > POPE.

- "Then hear, Great GOD, (shoulds thou thy aid detain, biguil and out virial ability aid and
- " The noblest with, the best resolve how vain!)
- " Oh! lend to proftrate dust thy willing ear !
- " Hear, all ye faints! and, ev'ry angel, hear!
- " Should yet thy mercy give me years to come, 385
- " If not this hour configns me to the tomb,
- " On thee alone each fond defire shall rest,
- " No rival love to share it in my breast; many had
- " I leave, vain world! thy pleasures to thy friends,
- " The fool that asks them, and the grave that ends;
- " Each fair, each dazzling object I refign; 391
- " Be thine my hopes! and all my powers be thine!"

What cod-like angels firskes the founding lare!

But lo! my foul, the clouds at length are o'er;
The storms are calm'd, the thunders cease to roar;
See! blooming Love, as cloudless skies serene, 395
Smiles heav'nly sweet, and brightens all the scene!

So fome loud whirlwind, with reliftless sweep,
Heaves the wild waves, and blackens on the deep;
The fainting mariners, with pale despair,
Behold the ocean's boiling bosom bare;
When lo! at once the raving winds subside,
A gentle breeze plays smoothly o'er the tide;
Now each, enraptur'd, views th' emerging ray,
Now breathes delighted in the blaze of day;

Groves,

CITOTEC

Groves, mountains, woods appear, a charming train! The ship glides lightly thro' the liquid plain; 406 The liquid plain reflects the waving beam, And heav'n's fine azure glitters in the stream.

Some seraph, teach my daring song to rise,

O! let me catch the music of the skies;

And pour melodious numbers on my soul.

What glories burst on my transported sight!
What charms, with more than mortal beauty bright!
What anthems ring! what melting lays inspire! 415
What god-like angels strike the sounding lyre!
See! ev'ry face the softest smiles assume!
How glows each feature with celestial bloom!
A bloom, untouch'd by all-devouring time;
Like slow'rs that blossom in perpetual prime!
420
Lo! where in sight th' angelic armies move!
See opening fair the balmy climes of love!
Bless climes! where Music strikes the warbling string,
Where joy exulting spreads his airy wing,
Where shrin'd in bliss triumphant Beauty reigns, 425
And Spring's eternal blush adorns the plains.

O! could my strains with ev'ry grace appear,
Each thought that fires the soul, or charms the ear;
To me did ev'ry finer art belong,
The richest fancy, and the sweetest song,
This heav'nly theme th' harmonious voice should raise,
Warm all my thoughts, and warble in my lays.

For lo! He comes, a Victor o'er the grave, In triumph mild, exalted but to fave:

ilsh older sid b'ilont lant i

In

434 .- exalted but to fave, &c.] As I have endeavoured, through the whole of this poem, to point out fuch parts of the facred writings, as contain any fentiment peculiarly beautiful on this awful subject; the reader will (I prefame) excuse me for subjoining to these one observation more on the following passage in Isaiah .-'Tis in his 62d chapter, from the beginning .- The prophet, from a view, as it would feem, of our SAVIOUR's refurrection, on beholding the feveral circumstances at that moment presented to him, bursts into an abrupt exclamation (a parallel to which Mr. HERVEY has finely illustrated, in a paraphrase on Solomon's prayer at the dedication of his temple) "Who " is this that cometh up from Edom, " with dyed garments from Bozrah? " this that is red in his apparel, tra-

" velling in the greatness of his

" other works "

" ftrength:" Observe the gradation :- the first question seems to proceed from an indistinct view of the person, " who is this?" what heavenly appearance discovers itself to my fenses? whom is it that I behold in this majestic attitude? He then takes a particular furvey, and describes him with more accuracy: -" this that cometh up with dyed " garments." I fee (as if he had faid with rapturous ardor) his eyes sparkling with fury, and his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies .-He then paints the dignity of his approach, " travelling in the greatness " of his strength.-One would almost imagine he viewed the majesty of fome triumphant here, reeking from flaughter, and elated with victory.-He at length advances fo near as to make a reply; a reply, on which every preceding circumstance reflects

Buid and ow and a bernior sub ban

In crowds th' applauding hosts surround their King; They tune their harps, and touch the finest string. 436 Angelic concert! mulically flow, It steals more foft, than vernal breezes blow, Then swells a sprightly note; -all heav'n replies, And labouring Echo rings it thro' the skies,

Now, bright as heav'n, as mild Aurora fair, (Whose balmy breath perfumes the purer air,) He rose, with Mercy beaming from his fight, Then fmil'd and look'd ineffable delight. As when the nightingale's melodious love 445 Charms the still gloom, and fills the vocal grove; The listing Zephyrs hovering while the fings, Catch ev'ry found, and waft it on their wings; Th' attentive swains her moving accents hear, 13 110 That melt the heart, and harmonize the ear; 450 Such, (while each bosom felt unbounded joys,) Such Musick stream'd from his transporting voice: (While warm'd with more than rapture at their doom, Each cheek was flush'd, like roses in the bloom.

charactelli your out % COME.

a diffinct beauty. We would conclude, on perufing the first part, that the fequel was to contain some dreadful menace, or alarming threatning: but how agreeably are we furprised and disappointed when we hear him

he then paintaine depoint of

proachiet travelling in the greak to

In bloom and a manufact the way mod imagine be viewed the meters.

> answer, " It is I that speak in righ-" teourners, mighty to lave!" What an improvement is this on another passage, where we are told, that "his " tender mercies are over all his " other works !"

professed on him, beetle loss as ab-

Roldwood lefferen a) melanmataxa seur

in a paraphraie on Solomen's prayer

- "Come now, ye bleft! by heav'n, by me approv'd!
- "Ye bleft of God! my darlings, my belov'd! 456
- " Possess whate'er your vast desires can claim;
- Be endless praises your eternal theme;
- "Tho' once you figh'd, be all your fighs no more;
- " Tho' once you wept, your mourning days are o'er:
- " Now raise the fong, begin th' immortal strain; 46 r
- "Guard them, 'ye angels, to th' etherial plain;
- "Their harp, their voice let fofter themes employ,
- " And touch the heart, and crown the head with joy.
  - " For this I left these skies, to dwell below; 465

Till far remov'd, force to the diffant fight

- " For this my foul felt all the stings of Woe;
- "For this the spear, with reeking purple dy'd,
- " Op'd a wide wound, and lodg'd within my fide;
- " For this despis'd, forsook, deny'd, I stood,
- " Pour'dceaseless groans, and bought it with my blood;
- " Delightful prize!-to taste its sweets, is thine: 471
- "Yours all the blifs; to know the pain, was mine.
- " But lo! your vast reward at length is nigh;
- 15 That dazzling Crowd awaits you in the fky!
- " Now boundless bliss thall all your grief repay, 475
- "Wipe of your tears, and give your fighs away."

e With not one eined, to interpole between,

anaH, when thy gazing eyes forvey'd the whole,

455. Come now ye bleft, &c.] See Matth. xxv. 34.

464. —and crown the head with joy, &c.] See Isaiah xxxv. 10.

## 64 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HERE pause:—no more by man can be exprest;
Ye saints, ye wond'ring seraphs tell the rest!
As thro' the clouds some towring eagle springs,
And slies like lightning on impetuous wings; 480
He views unmov'd the burning sun display'd:
The waving fire plays harmless round his head;
Quick as a thought of the aëreal mind,
To heav'n he mounts, and leaves the stars behind:
Thus, rapt at once from our attending view, 485
Thro' the broad gates the rising Concourse slew;
Till far remov'd, scarce to the distant sight
The Triumph glow'd, with fainter glories bright;
Ascending still, till it appear'd no more:
We look'd, and all the swimming scene was o'er. 490

But now (more charming than the rising sun)
The blooming angel smil'd, and thus begun:
Sweet as the towring lark's mellistuous song,
The melting accents warbled on his tongue!

"Tis done: -for now that thining train remov'd

o Barlol your valt reward at long

- " Enjoy the blifs, and praise the God they lov'd; 496
- "They live, they reign, eternally ferene, and "
- " With not one cloud, to interpose between,
- " Say, when thy gazing eyes furvey'd the whole,
- " Did dawning rapture beam upon thy foul? 500

- " Burns not thy swelling breast to join the choir?
- " Is ev'ry Passion wing'd with fond defire?
- "Would'st thou, with transport fir'd to mount above.
- " Ascend? and melts not ev'ry thought with love?

THEN, (all his frame with heav'nly glories bright Each lovely feature glowing with delight!) 506

He thus burst out:—"O! who thy name can praise!

- " What Angel's voice can tell thy wond'rous ways!
- " Lo! on each lip the HALLELUJAH dies;
- " We faint; an awful Rev'rence fills the skies: 510
- " All, humbly bending to Almighty pow'r,
- " In prostrate filence tremble and adore!"

He faid:—and mounting to the realms of day, Spread his resplendent wings and soar'd away.

F

ODES,

# A Experience of the Marsha

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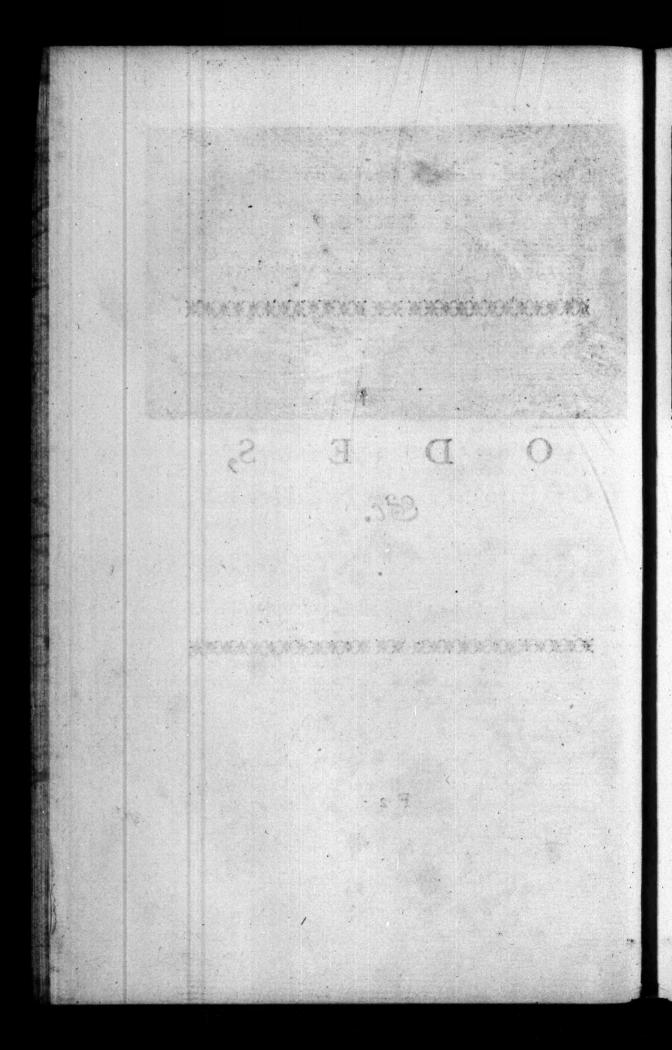
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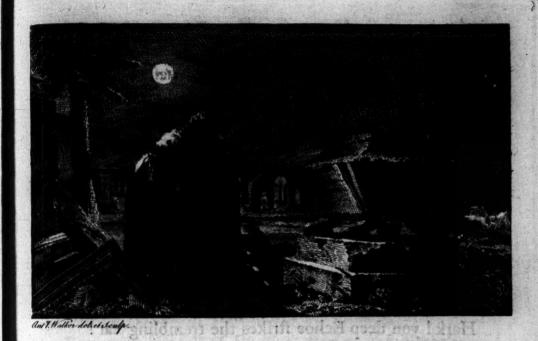
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O D E S, ℰc.





# ODE to MELANCHOLY.

lolog under their one or dance and the

Al L queen of thought sublime! propitious Power,
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,

Led by the Moon, when at the midnight hour Her pale rays tremble thro' the dufky gloom.

O bear me, Goddess, to thy peaceful seat!

Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,

Or lodg'd, where mountains screen thy deep retreat,

Or wandering wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

When

I you had some self bid our all brond ad b

Where Miles and There is the which for blood

Say,

Say, rove thy steps o'er Libia's naked waste? Or seek some distant solitary shore? Or on the Andes' topmost mountain placed, Do'st sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st Thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! you deep Echoe strikes the trembling ear! See Night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole! O'er heav'n's blue arch you rolling worlds appear, And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps beneath the Moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all-desert and alone!
While from Her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of prey.
Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding moan.

Or bear me far to you bleak difinal plain,
Where fell-eyed Tygers all-athirst for blood
Howl to the desart;—while the horrid train.
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood.

That Queen of nations! whose superior call.
Rouz'd the broad East, and bid Her arms destroy!

When

When warm'd to mirth-let Judgment markher Fall, And deep Reflection dash the lip of Joy.

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming lawrel bind her brow,
Calm Thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Stood thru of loui y-lish from the digny theep

Slow as some Miner saps th' aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim:
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing Hour,
But works the fall of Empire, Pomp, and Name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of Man;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope pourtray'd;
Let fluttering Cupids croud the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade;

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
Be Care's deep engines on the foul impress'd;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
Let Grief fit pining in the canker'd breaft.

Let Love's gay fons, a smiling train, appear, With Beauty pierc'd,—yet heedless of the dart: While closely couch'd, pale sickning Envy near Whets her sell sting, and points it at the heart, Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,

Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin;

Scared,—while her eyes survey th' etherial blue,

Lest heav'n's strong lightning burst the Dark within.

Then paint,—impending o'er the madening deep
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho vainly brave
Stood sirm of soul;—then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

When working fecret with doffriffive alm:

Here wrapt in studious thought let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care,

Full in the grounds be iteen-eyed Hone pourtrey'd;

Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
Or fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells,—He dyed.

What are the enfigns of imperial fway?

What all that Fortune's liberal hand has brought?

Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?

Or rouze the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown, When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier;

Not wealth, but Pity swells the bursting groan, Not pow'r, but whispering Nature prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in you mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmoved the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?
Where the 'lone Widow tells the Night her pain,
And Eve' with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,

Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:

But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,

And scents the zephirs balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of pow'r,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail, in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide?

Ah no!—the mighty names are heard no more:

Pride's thought sublime and Beauty's kindling bloom

Serve

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,

And swell with pompous verse the scutchon'd tomb.

For me:—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,

Nor be the whims of towering Frenzy giv'n;

Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,

Where Contemplation wings the soul to heav's.

O guard me fafe from Joy's entiting snare!

With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,

The poison'd breath of flow-consuming Care,

The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft when Midnight's fadly solemn knell Sounds long and distant from the sky-top't tower; Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell \*, Or walk with MILTON thro' the dark Obscure.

Thus when the transient dream of life is fled, May some sad friend recall the former years; Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed, Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears.

\* See SHAKESPEAR'S Tempest.



### ODE to the GENIUS of SHAKESPEAR.

### e alerte of Ricord and desired and a rung task?



A P T from the glance of mortal eye,
Say bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it you star-bespangled sky?

Fell hovering sate being Ping sancery

Or skims it's fields with rapid flight?
Or mid' you plains where Fancy strays.
Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale.
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephir stirs the rustling sprays,
Lyes all dissolv'd in fairy dream.

O'er

O'er you bleak desart's unfrequented round See'st thou where Nature treads the deepening gloom, Sits on you hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd, Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb; Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along? Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellisluous song?

#### I. 2.

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove Where'er the wild eyed Goddess lov'd to roam, To trace ferene the gloomy grove, Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome; Still hovering round the Nine appear, That pour the foul-transporting strain; Join'd to the Loves' gay train, The loofe-robed Graces crown'd with flow'rs, The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year, And wake the rosy-featured Hours. O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone, How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal! Her fire-clad eye fublime, her starry zone, Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale; On Thee the Goddess fix'd her ardent look, Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke.

# I. 3i

"To Thee, my favourite fon, belong sometw, val
"The lays that steal the listening hour stinds you
" To pour the rapture-darting fong ; with the will W
" To paint gay Hope's elyfian bower. Total anal
" From Nature's hand to fnatch the dart, who and
" To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart; and "
" Or lightly fweep the trembling ftring, hitqu's LaA
" And call the Loves with purple wing along and I'
" From the blue deep where they dwell and a subort
"With Naiads in the pearly cell, mind ted the drive
" Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze *; nothing
" Or in the loofe robe's floating maze, ablord out
"Diffolv'd in downy flumbers reft; and and alliH.
"Or flutter o'er her panting breaft.
" Or wild to melt the yielding foul,
" Let Sorrow clad in fable stole,   11/3   or drawd HA
" Slow to thy musing thought appear; white in the state of the state o
" Or penfive Pity pale;
" Or Love's desponding tale
" Call from th' intender'd heart the sympathetic tear.'
The pale-eyed Genius of the Lude: Led thy bold flor to Profess's magic bower;

· SlockW

arch

#### H. r.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?

Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?

Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd

Starts into life the glowing draught?

On yonder fairy carpet laid,

Where Beauty pours eternal bloom,

And Zephir breathes perfume;

There nightly to the tranced eye.

Profuse the radiant godden stood display d;

With all her smiling offspring night.

Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,

The broidered mead, the landskip, and the grove,

Hills, vales, and sky dipt seas, and torrests rude,

Grots, rills and shades, and bowers that breath d of love

All burst to sight!—while glanding on the view;
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the dew.

" Or Love's desponding tale ...
" Call from th'intender **E** ne**..!!** the from the tear.!

The pale-eyed Genius of the shade Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bower;

Whofe

" Or ponine Hay pale.

Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle;
Gay scenes by Fancy's touch resin'd
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hovering Angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then slam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's steet wing:
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze!
The wild note trembling on th' aerial string!
The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay.
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay \*.

# For Bert I the Tempor bowls star in the Later was the Later with the Committee of the Later was the

O lay me near you limpid stream,
Whose murmur soothes the ear of Woe!
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done:—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark Wood shakes his cloudy head;

15 World

Below,

Ariel: see the Tempest.

(B)

ns

Below, the lily-fringed dale.

Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;

While in pastime all-unseen,

Titania robed in mantle green

Sports on the mossy bank:—her train

Skims light along the gleaming plain;

Or to the fluttering breeze unfold

The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold;

Its pinions opening to the light!—

Say, bursts the vision on my sight?

Ah, no! by Shakespear's pencil drawn

The beauteous shapes appear;

While meek-eyed Cynthia near

Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn \*.

#### III. 1.

But hark! the Tempest howls asar!
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste!
What Cherub blows the trump of war?
What Demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightnings livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight;
Then wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves.—But ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone desart's desolated maze+!

Unaw'd!

<sup>.</sup> See the Midfummer Night's Dream.

Unaw'd! nor heeds the sweeping storm.

Ye pale-eyed Lightnings spare the cheek of Age!

Vain wish;—though Anguish heaves the bursting groan.

Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of Rage
Hears not the Mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

# III. 2.

Lo! on you long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep;
What phantomes bathed in infant gore
Stand muttering on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephir's wing!
The storm obeys their pow'rful spell;
See, from His gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the russed sky.
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run \*,
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering sun,
And the pale surnace gleams with brimstone blue.

3

Hell

<sup>\*</sup> The Witches in Macbeth.

Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim U Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

Vain with ; -through Anguith heaves the budding

.nnone

# Deaf as the first, the is

But ah! on Sorrow's cypress bought ton small Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom? Society and H On Death's cold cheek will Paffion glow? aid and Or Music warble from the tomb? There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue Pour'd the full stream of mazy fong. Young Spring with lip of ruby, here thou no last Showers from her lap the blushing year; While along the turf reclin'd, had a more and the The loofe wing fwimming on the wind, The Loves with forward gesture bold, Sprinkle the fod with spangling gold; And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim Dance lightly round on downy limb; Oft too, when Eve' demure and still Chequers the green dale's purling rill, a sowol but Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain, Or wrapt in foothing dream, and the state of the state of the By Avon's ruffled stream, mode and all only mich Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain.

All the state of t



# O D E to Toll M E,

Occasion'd by seeing the Ruins of an OLD CASTLE.

THOU who mid' the world-involving gloom,
Sit'st on you solitary spire!

Cong wildle waving to the rubling gale

Or flowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unroll,
And marks the slight of each revolving year,

G 2

Of years whose slow-consuming power
Has clad with moss you leaning tower,
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide,
Say when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

#### I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
Yon Hill whose gold illumin'd brow
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below;
Once bore the branching wood
'That o'er yon murm'ring flood
Hung wildly-waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the 'lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with Summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r,
Or hear'd some Lover's plaintive lay,
When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

#### insoli 13. air-hooft s'as W cartw

From you there racid's laigh-eighfug brow

Pour d on the liest-Mink flying 17st

Ye wilds where heav'n-rapt Fancy roves, Ye fky-crown'd hills, and folemn groves! Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells! Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells! Ghosts that in you lonely hall, Lightly glance along the wall; Or beneath you ivy'd tow'r, At the filent mid-night hour, Stand array'd in spotless white, And stain the dusky robe of Night; Or with flow folemn pauses, roam O'er the long, founding, hollow dome! Say mid yon defert' folitary round, When Darkness wraps the boundless spheres, Does ne'er fome difmal dying found On Night's dull ferious ear rebound, That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming years? The glancing Momont builts ave-

#### II. crantipe gold army, it

so from forbe modulain's head.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view, When Caledonia's martial train,
G 3

000

From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck slying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear;
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
flight:

Yon Tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!

Yon Desert gleam'd with shining arms!

While on the bleak hill's brightning spire,

Bold Vict'ry slam'd, with eyes of fire;

Her limbs celestial robes infold,

Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,

She spoke:—her words infus'd resistless might,

And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

### Tologoff. 2. warw standard and W

Savinal transfer and a content material

But ah, what hand the smiling prospect brings!

What voice recalls th' expiring day!

See darting swift on eagle-wings,

The glancing Moment bursts away!

So from some mountain's head,

In mantling gold array'd,

While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprize:

The vale where musing Quiet treads,

The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,

Or,

Or streams where Zephyr' loves to stray
Beneath the pale Eve's twinkling ray;
Or waving woods detain the sight:—
—When from the gloomy cave of Night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
And wraps the slying scene that sades, and swims,
and dies.

#### II. . 3.

Lo! rifing from you dreary tomb, What spectres stalk across the gloom! With haggard eyes, and visage pale, And voice that moans with feeble wail! O'er you long resounding plain Slowly moves the folemn train; Wailing wild with shricks of woe O'er the bones that rest below! While the dull Night's startled ear Shrinks, aghast with thrilling fear! Or stand with thin robes wasting soon, And eyes that blaft the fick'ning moon! Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away, Ere death's fell arm had mark'd its aim; Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway, Beheld the trembling swains obey, And wrought the glorious deed that fwell'd the trump of Fame,

G 4

III. I.

Or firetine where Zapeld in cotto firey

Beneath the pile Elee's existing to

#### Or waving woods desit in.III

But why o'er these indulge the bursting figh? Feels not each shrub the Tempest's pow'r? Rocks not the dome when whirl-winds fly? Nor thakes the hill when thunders roar? Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown, What Fanes, what Tow'rs o'erthrown, What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time! I see Palmyra's temples fall! Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall! You waste where roaming lions howl, Yon aifle where moans the grey-ey'd Owl, Shows the proud Persian's great abode \*: Where scepter'd once, an earthly God! His pow'r-clad arm controul'd each happier clime, Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars fublime.

#### Ver thefe, ere Than 1.2 roll the revenues

Or Acad with this expusional inch

And eyes that blaft the fight wing moon

Hark !—what dire found rolls murm'ring on the gale ?

Ah! what foul-thrilling scene appears!

orted the low and body and read of admon but

I see the column'd arches fail!

And structures hoar, the boast of years!

What mould'ring piles decay'd

Gleam thro' the moon-streak'd shade,

Where Rome's proud Genius rear'd her awful brow!

Sad monument!—Ambition near,

Rolls on the dust and pours a tear;

Pale Honour drops the flutt'ring plume,

And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb,

Slow Patience sits with eye deprest,

And Courage beats his sobbing breast;

Ev'n War's red cheek the gushing streams o'erslow,

And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of Woe.

#### III. 3.

Lo on yon Pyramid sublime,
Whence lies Old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where Ruin low'rs,
Mid' Fanes, and Wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs:
On the steep height waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er His scythe He bends;—His hand
Slowly shakes the slowing sand,
While the Hours, an airy ring
Lightly slit with downy wing;

And sap the works of man;—and shade of the With silver'd locks his furrow'd head;
Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r His broad survey.
And seals the Nations awful doom;
He sees proud Grandeur's meteor-ray,
He yields to Joy the festive day;
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them for the tomb.

And Conquell weeps o'c. Colly a temb,

And Come Deats his tobbing breads

Ev'n War's red chept the gooding strams o'ento' And Fancy's lift ning car anches the plaint of W

Mild Pance, and Wardes, and tranbling tow're:

On the floop beight walls and bree, . . . .

O'er illis loythe ille bende :- Ille hand

Standarthe Pow'r with heady in t

Slowly finance the Howing fand.

Avhile the Hoste, on elevering

Lightly diewith down whee;

Slow Patience Manwith cyclepich,

Lo calvon Franki fi dina.

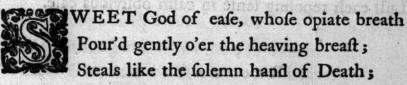
Whence fire Old Perper's determined to the A. D. B. C. D.



# ODE to SLEEP.

When deeps the cathyd ward beheat : "

and rain to solor man the solor



And sheds the balm of visionary rest;

Come with ev'ry pow'rful spell

From the hermit's gloomy cell,

From the swallow's mossy bed,

When bleak Winter blasts the mead;

Come with Night's cold, cloudy brow,

With sky-rob'd Thought demure, and slow,

With

HWW.

With Rest that charms the droufy air, And folds the wakeful eyes of melancholy Care.

2.

O by thy robe of purest white,
Thy tresses bound with fun'ral yew,
Thy voice that soothes the ear of night.
Thine ebon' rod that sweeps the pearly dew;
By the pale moon's trembling beam,
By the ghosts on Lethe's stream;
By the silent solemn gloom,
By the beetle's drousy hum,
By the zephyr's dying breath,
When sleeps the russed wave beneath;
By the long voice of murm'ring seas,
Lull each reposing sense in calm oblivious ease.

#### RECITATIVE, day?

Four'd genely e'er the bancing presh;

Pour on my foul the fweetly melting lay,
That once on Argus could prevail;
When footh'd by Hermes' wond'rous tale,
Each listning sense dissolv'd and dy'd away;
Lull'd by the magic doubling sound,
Slow-stealing Slumber lock'd his iron breast;

His thoughts in sweet delirium drown'd,

His falling arms the God confest;

On his numb'd ear remote and dull,

The hollow murmur feebly stole;

O'erpower'd at last he yields the beauteous prize,

And drops supinely down, and folds an hundred eyes.

Wake all the teneful foul of

. Of with proceeding depoly more.

Or in the fold Idelian grove.

Then too let bold-ey'd Fancy come,
With brightning look and bosom bare;
Her features flush'd with vivid bloom,
With flutt'ring wings, and loosely-flowing hair:
Then let all the bursting soul
Boldly dart from pole to pole;
Starting from the airy steep,
Lightly skim the wavy deep;
Up the rough rock let me climb,
'Till thy strong voice with note sublime
Wakes, fires, and thrills with rapid strains,
And leads the lighten'd mind to soft Elysian plains.

With all the Graces let me rove.

Yet then let no fantastic tale;
No ruder thought disturb the dream;

But

But bear me to yon lonely dale,
Where weeps the willow o'er the murm'ring stream:
Or where in the bow'ry shade
Quiet leans her drooping head,
Where from yonder cave beneath
Sweeps the wild wind through the heath,
Or with notes that deeply move,
Wake all the tuneful soul of Love;
Let bright Lucinda's charms arise,
With all the dazzling stame, the lightning of her eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

With brightening look and bolom bases:

Then on the rapid wings of Fancy born,
Bold let me foar with steddy slight,
Where bursts the radiant blaze of light;
Or where Aurora sheds the rosy morn:
Or lead me where the warbling Nine,
With slying singers sweep the melting lyre;
There soothe with harmony divine,
Or nobly breathe celestial sire.
Or in the soft Idalian grove,
With all the Graces let me rove,
Where gay Anacreon haunts the genial bow'r,
And crowns the blushing nymph with ev'ry balmy
flow'r.

.b5. vieng Waylob ao .to 8

Character bearing and taper blue. He'l, that drope it's Strein down

Oft too with Spencer let me tread
The fairy field where Una strays;
Or loll in Pleasure's flow'ry bed \*,
Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought lays.
Or on Ariel's airy wing,
Let me chase the young-ey'd Spring,
Where the powder'd cowslips bloom,
Where the wild thyme breathes persume:
Or with solemn steps, and sad,
Slow let me haunt the deepning shade,
Where Richard, thro' the opening ground
Beheld the white-rob'd Ghost, and mark'd the gushing
wound.

6.

Come, gentle God, with magic wand
Of pow'r to calm the foul of Care:
From Envy's grasp to loose the brand,
Or lull th' envenom'd snakes that prompt Despair:
Bring the Vision's airy show,
Yews that wave o'er Lethe slow,

Glimm'ring

<sup>·</sup> See Thomson's Caftle of Indolence.

Glimmi ise

Glimm'ring beams, and taper blue,
Rod, that drops with Stygian dew;
Sloth, on down supinely laid,
And slow-ey'd Ease that droops the head,
Pale Languor wrapt in thoughtless gaze,
And wild Oblivion lost in Fancy's boundless maze.

#### Or on Arie's airyavevara no 10

Or burst to heav'n in Milton's high-wrought is a.

See Night's dun robe involves the pathless waste!

Black clouds in heaps confus'dly thrown,

Roll awful o'er her gloomy throne:

While thro' the dark cave sweeps the whistling blast:

Yon car by boding ravens led,

Bears the 'lone Goddess thro' the murky gloom;

Before slow Darkness breathes her shade,

And Rest forsakes the yawning tomb.

Around at Mid-night's solemn noon,

Rapt Fancy gazes on the moon:

Care folds her arms, nor knows th' unpleasing theme,

And Grief dissolving shares the sweetly-soothing dream.

Or loll th' envenora'd faultes that exempt Dal sair:

Fee Tenneson's Californ's Later and

ODE

Bring the Valion's siry blows.
Yews that wave o'r: Lethe flo



## ODE to EVENING.

EEK Power! whose balmy-pinion'd gale
Steals o'er the flower-enamell'd dale;
Whose voice in gentle whispers near

Thought, meanigin-free! who loves to climb.

Oft' fighs to Quiet's liftening ear;

As on her downy couch at rest,

By Thought's inspiring visions blest

She sits, with white-robed Silence nigh,

And musing heaves her serious eye,

Н

 $T_0$ 

To mark the flow fun's glimmering ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or funk in sweet repose, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heav'n-illumined bow.

Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue, Thy treffes bath'd in balmy dew, With step smooth sliding o'er the green, The Graces breathing in thy mien; And thy vesture's gather'd fold Girt with a zone of circling gold; And bring the harp, whose solemn string Dies to the wild wind's murmuring wing; And the Nymph, whose eye serene Marks the calm, breathing woodland scene; Thought, mountain-fage! who loves to climb, And haunts the dark rock's fummit dim; Let Fancy falcon-wing'd be near: And through the cloud-enveloped sphere, Where musing roams Retirement hoar, Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar; 100 of salah 110 O bid with trembling light to glow would no aA The raven-plume that crowns his brow.

Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!

O hide me in romantic bowers!

Or lead my step to ruin'd towers!

Where gleaming thro' the chinky door

The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:

While beneath the hallowed pile

Deep in the desert shricking ile

Rapt Contemplation stalks along,

And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;

Or mid' the dun discoloured gloom,

Sits on some Heroe's peaceful tomb,

Throws Life's gay glittering robe aside,

And tramples on the neck of Pride.

Oft shelter'd by the rambling sprays,

Lead o'er the forest's winding maze;

Where through the mantling boughs, afar

Glimmers the silver-streaming star;

And, shower'd from every rustling blade

The loose light floats along the shade:

So hovering o'er the human scene

Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene;

By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray

Shoots, slutters, gleams, and fleets away:

Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,

Floats all the busy bustling mind;

While Memory's unstain'd leaves retain

No trace from all th'ideal train.

H 2

But

11 ET

But see the landskip opening fair and an abid O Invites to breathe the purer air! of and vin buil 10 O when the cowflip-scented gale and a series and W Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale, was stan and I When on her amber-dropping bed to the district of the state of the sta Loose Ease reclines her downy head; How bleft! by fairy-haunted ftream To melt in wild ecstatic dream! Die to the pictured wish, or hear the boar to (Breathed foft on Fancy's trembling ear) Such lays, by angel-harps refined, As half unchain the fluttering mind, When on Life's edge it eyes the shore, And all its pinions stretch to foar.

Lo, where the fun's broad orb withdrawn Skirts with pale gold the dufky lawn! While led by every gentler power, Steals the flow, folemn, musing hour. Now from the green hill's purple brow Let me mark the scene below; Gue Pleafure from Where feebly-glancing thro' the gloom You myrtle shades the filent tomb: Not far, beneath the evening beam The dark Lake rolls his azure Aream, Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide, Slow-failing o'er the floating tide. Groves,

2 11

Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare Shoot glimmering thro' the misty air; Dim as the vision-pictured bower That gilds the faint's expiring hour, When rapt to ecstacy, his eye Contraction of the Looks thro' the blue etherial fky All heav'n unfolding to his fight! Gay forms that fwim in floods of light! The fun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime, The ruby-beaming dome sublime, The towers in glittering pomp display'd; The bright scene hovers o'er his bed. He starts:—but from his eager gaze Black clouds obscure the less'ning rays; On Memory still the scene is wrought, And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.

On the airy mount reclin'd
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of Spring!
How sweet the Zephir's violet wing!
Goddess of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along;
O bid thy voice of genial power
Reach Contemplation's lonely bower;
And call the Sage with tranced sight
To climb the mountain's steepy height;

Where

To wing the kindling wish, or spread O'er Thought's pale cheek enlivening red; Come hoary Power with ferious eye, Whose thought explores you distant sky; Now when the bufy world is still. Nor Passion tempts the wavering will, When sweeter hopes each power controul, And Quiet whispers to the foul, Now sweep from Life th'illusive train That dance in Folly's dizzy brain: Be Reason's simple draught pourtrayed. Where blends alternate light and shade; Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied, Sport on the bubble's glittering fide; Bid Hope purfue the distant boon, And Frenzy watch the fading moon; Paint Superstition's starting eye, And Wit that leers with gesture sly, Let Censure whet her venomed dart, And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart; Let Pleasure lie on flowers reclin'd, While Anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, Sire sublime, whose hallow'd cave Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave; Thee Solitude to Phæbus bore, Far on the lone deserted shore,

Where

Where Orellano's rushing tide Roars on the rock's projected fide. Hence burfting o'er thy ripened mind, Beams all the Father's thought refined: Hence oft in filent vales unseen, Thy footsteps prints the fairy green; Or thy foul melts to strains of woe, That from the willow's quivering bough Sweet warbling breathe;—the Zephirs round O'er Dee's smooth current wast the sound, When foft on bending offers laid The broad fun trembling thro' the bed; All-wild thy heav'n-rapt Fancy strays, . Led thro' the foul-diffolving maze, Till Slumber downy-pinioned, near Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear; The foul unfetter'd bursts away, And basks enlarged in beamy day.

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H 4

#### ODE to INNOCENCE.

MAS when the flow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No found diffurb'd the fleeping fold.

When by a murmuring rill reclin'd

Sat wrapt in thought a wandering fwain;

Calm Peace compos'd his mufing mind;

And thus he rais'd the flowing strain.

- " Hail Innocence! celestial maid!
- " What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
- " Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade, and had all
- " And milder than the vernal gale. The And had had
- " On Thee attends a radiant Quire,
- "Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest;
- " With Love that prompts the warbling Lyre,
- " And Hope that foothes the throbbing breaft.
- "O fent from heav'n to haunt the grove,
- " Where squinting Envy ne'er can come!

- " Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
- " Nor Anguish chills the living bloom.
- " But spotless Beauty rob'd in white
- "Sits on you moss-grown hill reclin'd;
- " Serene as heav'n's unfully'd light,
- " And pure as Delia's gentle mind.
- "Grant, heav'nly power! thy peaceful fway
- " May still my ruder thoughts controul;
- " Thy hand to point my dubious way,
- "Thy voice to foothe the melting foul.
- " Far in the shady sweet retreat
- " Let Thought beguile the lingering hour;
- " Let Quiet court the mosfy feat,
- " And twining olives form the bower.
- " Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath bestow,
- " And oft' fit liftening in the dale,
- " While Night's fweet warbler from the bough.
- " Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.
- " Soft as in Delia's fnowy breaft,
- " Let each confenting passion move;
- " Let Angels watch its filent reft,
- " And all its blissful dreams be Love,

Walter Carlo 101 which pines the exect with hashing told " wood demailed and the surger of " For feetling Bisper west the allies Alle and a Mild for we have been now no enter " " Service of Lower's highlight I live the waters to be a sound to a Orant, heaviery power! the government from Alternation assessed about you little wall " a group fucicals van so og og hessi vall " while for these prises thank of spice and T w \* Har in the that Iweet retreat \* Let Thought being highly and Tail \* of Let Quiet seathful state to A to . And eninionalists form 112 bares. water developed the second bearing con the little work of spinishill off the Lina " " While Hight's week workley be during the best W "Telly to the grove buy plantifie enlarge." " Soft as in Delia's movey bravel. " Let each confining pation mann; Anther another doctor alsone to I .. A I so among lettild at the tox of

# MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

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### MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

MONORORO POR DE PORTO POR MONORO POR DE PORTO PO

# The 148th PSALM paraphrased \*.

Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim, Tell how he form d your flining frame,

EGIN, my foul, th' exalted lay, hand bak Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name it as along A of Lo! heav'n, and earth, and feas, and fkies, the old W In one melodious concert rife mon avor bnow ail To fwell th' inspiring theme la mainsful years as I

Wale an the tuneful foul of love,

time to spend the season for his edu-Subjoined to the Poem. Some years English Bookseller, (who if he happens SICIAN, for ascribing to HIM, to read this note will recollect the the performance of a boy of fixfact); and as a few alterations were teen;

The Author of this paraphrafe made in that copy, which are adopted was greatly furprifed, upon looking verbatim in the Christian Magazine, over the Christian Magazine for Sep- the Author finds, that bis manuscript. tember 1760, to find it inferted there, and not the printed copy, thas fallen with an elegant introductory letter, into the hands of fome very modelf and ascribed to an EMINENT Contlemen. This affair is too tri-PHYSICIAN. It was in truth fling to be treated feriously. Only written by Mr. Ogilvie, when he was Mr. Ogilvie thought it necessary to very young, was originally printed affign the seafon for which it appears in the Scots Magazine for February in the present Collection. He ower 1753, and was dated from Edin- an acknowledgment to the person burgh, where he happened at that who fent this piece to the Authors of the Christian Magazine, for the high cation. He is greatly mistaken, if panegyric which he is pleased to the initial letters of his name are not make on it; but is afraid that he will not receive an acknowledgment afterwards it was fent to an eminent from the EMINENT PHY-

ions

11

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,

Where gay transporting beauty reigns,

Ye scenes divinely fair!

Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,

Tell how he form'd your shining frame,

And breath'd the sluid air.

Let each entractured in ught olay,

Ye Angels catch the thrilling found!

While all th' adoring throngs around

His wond'rous mercy fing;

Let every listening saint above

Wake all the tuneful soul of love,

And touch the sweetest string.

over the Cardian Magazine der Sep. «WIAvitar Lade, that his meanther,

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir!

Thou dazzling Orb of liquid fire

The mighty Chorus aid:

Soon as grey Evening gilds the plain,

Thou Moon protract the melting strain,

And praise Him in the shade.

Thou Heav'n of heav'ns, His vast abode,
Ye clouds proclaim your forming god!
Ye Thunders speak His power!

Lo! on the Lightnings gleamy wing
In triumph walks th' Eternal King,
Th' astonish'd worlds adore \*.

Your great Creator 614!

Whate'er the gazing eye can find,

That warms or foothes the musing mind,

United praise bestow;

Ye Dragons sound His dreadful name

To heav'n aloud, and roar acclaim

Ye swelling Deeps below!

vii. moones batam ni

MET REPORTED ON

Let every element rejoice:
Ye Tempests raise your mighty voice
To Him who bid you roll!
His praise in softer notes declare
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

VIII. To

\* There is in this verse four lines wholly different both from Mr. Ogilvie's original manuscript and from the printed copy. They are, as follows.

—proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd you worlds from night!
Ye shades dispell!—th' Eternal said;
At once th' involving darkness sled,
And Nature sprung to light.

Dagge

Whether these verses (which are among the best in the poem) were or were not inserted in the copy sent to England, the Author cannot positively determine. He believes they are his own. However he has substituted four new lines in their place.

he heaville praise cm

tions

Lol on the Lightnians gleam

To Him, Ye graceful cedars, bow! Ye towering Mountains, bending low,

Your great Creator own! Tell, when affrighted Nature shook, and a stant W. How Sinai kindled at His look, which to surew sad? And trembled at His frown. Some bodie!

Ye Dragons found His dreadful name

Ye Flocks that haunt the humble vale, Ye Insects fluttering on the gale, In mutual concourse rise! Crop the gay role's vermeil bloom, mamala views to I And waft it's spoils, a sweet perfume, and and I all

His praise in foster notes declare

In incense to the fkies. The ody mill of

Wake all, ye mounting throngs, and fing! Ye plumy warblers of the Spring Harmonious anthems raife, To Him who shap'd your finer mould, Who tip'd your glittering wings with gold, And tun'd your voice to praise. rinted topy. They are, as felt

. . ix actively decormine. He believes

Let man by nobler passions sway'd, The feeling heart, the judging head as gauget mans Missish In heav'nly praise employ;

Spread

'drestle dilgelles et all

Spread His tremendous name around, Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the found, The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please, Nurs'd on the filky lap of Ease, Fall prostrate at his throne! Ye Princes, Rulers, all adore! Praise Him, Ye Kings! who makes your power An image of His own.

Who bill her form in breaking an olde glow,

These hardedly care the corious clan covicus,

Morandan du fines (ne swelling Engine rife, And Life , blue beam Humer that deaking eves a

Who seemd bet issuffered and who fels has ween

Here sale, as judgement permeable road to Pame,

Ye Fair, by nature form'd to move, O praise th' eternal source of love With Youth's enlivening fire! Let Age take up the tuneful lay, Sigh His bleft name;—then foar away, And ask an Angel's lyre.

VERSES

To just alamans, and a souler time a

Rich Counce becari

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tions

# VERSES fent to a LADY with VOLTAIRE'S TEMPLE of TASTE.

In these gay scenes by glowing Fancy wrought,
See Genius bright'ning thro' the veil of Thought!
Each finish'd draught at once improves and warms,
Each feature breathes, and every picture charms;
The happy pencil long inured to please
Joins strength with taste, and elegance with ease.

MARK in yon Temple's beamy domes reclin'd,
What forms all beauteous strike th' enraptur'd mind,
The train whom Nature lent superior fire,
Who stole her air, her accent, and her lyre;
Who bid her form in breathing marble glow,
Who pour'd her transports, and who felt her woe,
Here rise, as Judgment points the road to Fame,
To juster manners, and a nobler aim:
Thought nicely-true the copious plan reviews,
And Fancy's hand supplies enlivening hues;
Warm from the tints the swelling Figures rise,
And Life's blue beam illumes the speaking eyes;

No

No roughned dash betrays th' unequal part, Nor shade ungraceful points the veil of art; But Hope all-radiant foars to worlds of light. While Judgment's temperate hand directs the flight, Calm Sense and Wisdom take their turn to rule, And Reason's piercing eye o'erlooks the soul.

HERE Boileau marks the living draught refin'd, The flame of Genius bursting o'er his mind \*; Yet just to worth, attends the melting strains Whose music stream'd along Britannia's plains; He marks the ruby'd lip that breathes perfume, The cheek where beauty spreads her genial bloom, The throng that flutters round th' illumin'd hall, The Satyr's venom'd shaft, that drops with gall; Then knows superior wit, though near the throne, And hails the Bard whose skill surpass'd his own +.

SEE mighty Dacier foars in nobler lays ‡. Each lawrel'd Ancient crowns her head with bays,

mond 2

\* It is generally allowed, that imagination was not the predominant faculty which characterized the writings of Boileau. He is therefore represented here as having attained that point in which he was principally deficient.

Rape of the Lock is judged by the best Critics to have been wrote in an higher tafte than the Lutrin.

\$ See mighty Dacier &c.] This Lady's name is not mentioned by Voltaire in his Temple of Taste, though I confess, I cannot see with what rea-† And bails the Bard, &c. ] The fon the is omitted. It is true, inons

A tow'ring Genius! whose exalted name
Employs the tongue, and swells the trump of Fame,
From Man, proud tyrant, with resistless force
She snatch'd the rein, and whirl'd it in the course;
With eagle-speed pursued th' expected prey,
Then caught and bore the glorious prize away.
Here through Resection's clearer glass display'd
She marks the mingling streaks of light and shade,
Observes desects, by cool experience taught,
And blames with reason, or approves with thought.

WHAT need I Voiture's easier task recite,
Whose work contracted beams with faultless wit;
Or paint Racine whose chast'ned strain improves,
Or Molliere, sporting with the Smiles and Loves;
Fontaine, whose wit from Nature's fund was stole,
Or bold Corneille who storms, and tears the soul.

LosT in the radiance of dissolving light,
Ten thousand beauties opening on my fight,
My fainting muse deserts th' unequal theme
Pleased with some gentler note, and humbler name;
She

deed, that she is rather a translator than an original writer. Few readers however of sensibility will peruse her translation and remarks on the Iliad, or on Aristotle's Art of Poetry, without discovering in both the force of an exact judgment, joined to that feeling of poetic beauty which is so often found to predominate in this amiable sex. She feels, (the glowing traits confusedly seen)
The heat too piercing, and the ray too keen.

hondring and thought.



Thus in some fields where Art and Nature join, (Such are thy gardens Stowe, and Seaton \*, thine Where from you mount, a plan by Taste design'd, Reslects an image of the Master's mind;) Where'er I look the blush of Beauty glows, The forest brightens, or the garden blows; Groves, streams, and trees their chequer'd pride display, And melting music steals the soul away.

'Tis your's each work of genius to review,
Who know false beauties, and admire the true;
You blest by nature with superior skill,
An eye to mark them, and an heart to seel,
A soul illumed by Reason's gentle rays,
Serene, not strong, and bright without a blaze;
Intent to know, and yet polite to please,
Who read with judgement, and who write with ease.
Ev'n mine, a bashful muse untaught and young,
That sports, not warbles in the tuneful throng,
Waked by this theme can strike the trembling strings,
And seebly flutters with unequal wings;

3

So

<sup>\*</sup> Such are thy gardens &c. or Sea- which belongs to a Gentleman near ton thine] An elegant country feat, Aberdeen.

ons

So some pale flower reclines its drooping head,
And lies unseen, neglected in the shade,
Yet touch'd with lightning by the blaze of noon,
Unfolds its leaves, and blossoms in the sun.

Tools at a Truly open a toronome pear most see W

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#### A TOWN ECLOGUE\*.

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Fire D with the rage that warms a Coxcomb's mind, When curls are awkward, or the fair unkind; When spurn'd and kick'd by all the tinsel throng, Or, still more dreadful, when a patch is wrong; Poor Florio late deplor'd his mighty woe, With all the sury of an angry beau.

ALONE, and musing on the wrongs of fate

Fix'd deep in thought the gloomy Heroe sat;
One hand his cane sustain'd, (of magic power;)
One twirl'd his box, but dropt it on the floor:
'Twas then within the gilded covering hid
Thy Form Belinda started from the lid.
Paint, russles, lace were call'd to ease his pain,
But russles, lace, and paint were call'd in vain.
In vain unhappy! o'er thy bosom spread
With sigured silver slam'd the gay brocade;
In vain, to rouze thy drooping thoughts, combine
Gums, feathers, patches, plays, novels, and wine:

I 4
Unmov'd

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<sup>\*</sup> The incidents mentioned in this culous in characters, but not to appiece are wholly fictitious. The propriate the ridicule to particular perfons.

(B)

Unmov'd he stood;—till struck with fierce despair
He rav'd, he stamp'd, he frown'd, he tore his hair;
The curls slew loose, and scattering thro' the room,
Exhaled a cloud of powder and perfume.
Thrice ere he spoke, he wiped the swimming eye,
And thrice (ye gods, how strange!) was heard to sigh;
At last with fury swell'd th' indignant man,
He bit his quivering lip, and thus began.

- " Gods! have I liv'd to this detefted hour,
- " When Paffion ftorms with unrefifted power!
- " Baulk'd in my wishes; from my views remov'd
- "By those who loved me once, or said they lov'd.
- " Was it for this I learn'd these arts before,
- "Dress'd, lov'd, sung, danc'd, fought, whored, "rhimed, drunk, and swore.
- " For this I taught the speaking look to kill,
- " And spent whole years at ombre and quadrille;
- " Fired with a graceful mien th' admiring Fair,
- " And oped the fnuff-box with a charming air!
- " Have I so long pursued the lovely prize,
- " And felt the lightning of Belinda's eyes,
- " Patch'd, powder'd, painted, used a clouded cane,
- "Wrote billet-doux, fighed, ogled; -all in vain!
- While at the goal my happier rivals run,
- (So glittering insects court a summer sun)

ff While

- " While these are buzzing in the Charmer's ear,
- " Am I, and I alone, to feel despair?
- " Must I be doom'd her vengeance to deplore,
- " By her most hated, whom I most adore?"
  - "YET, how our fond deluding hopes beguile!
- " These eyes have seen the frowning Beauty smile,
- " With charms resplendent flame divinely bright,
- " And warm th' exulting heart with keen delight."
  - " O could my wish the happier years recall,
- "When once I shone distinguish'd in the ball!
- "Then as I pass'd the pointing circle bowed;
- "Twas then my dress prescribed the reigning mode.
- "Then crouds with wonder eyed me, as I mov'd,
- "The beaus all envied, and the belles approv'd.
- " Now, fad reverse! my cares are all return'd
- "With proud disdain, neglected, hiss'd or spurn'd;
- " They fee me wretched, and but laugh the more,
- "Though love invites, and billet doux implore."
  - " Though once this mien has boasted to inspire,
- " And melt ev'n frozen bosoms with defire;

nodT

- " Though once these eyes, practised in every art,
- Have charm'd the prude, and trapp'd th' unwary heart;

Though

(B)

- "Though smooth Persuasion graced my flowing tongue;
- "Though the foul leap'd with transport, when I fung:
- "Yet, now, ah, now! my warm addresses prove
- " The blaft of pleasure, and the bane of love.
- " Each wondering Booby stares, where-e'er I go,
- " As fome pale Ghost had left the shades below."
  - " O THOUGHTLESS mortals! ignorant and dull,
- " Blind to the wife, but partial to the fool;
- " Who ne'er have learn'd fuperior worth to find,
- " Norview those charms that strike the judging mind;
- " Still prone at Folly's shrine to pour your blood,
- " Nor taught to value life's fubstantial good!
- " On us no more your pointless wit bestow,
- "Your pointless wit can never hurt a Beau."

ENRAGED, he spoke; with grief, with ire opprest, His heart beat thick within his roomy breast; He damn'd all mankind in a rage, and swore (Unjust!) that every woman was a w—e. Plays, paint, novels now met their final doom, The furious Heroe kick'd them thro' the room; Dashed o'er his figured vest the rude bohea, And tore his favourite patch, and fine toupee.

But, lo! at length a fatal billet came!
A fatal billet! with Belinda's name!

Thou

Thou lovely cause of all my woes! he cry'd, Then sigh'd, and swore, and wept, and swore, and sigh'd;

gnift builders Convertees I well IV VIII (17)

Whole breath, bare to bourts but ling fleads, . "

Mission Peach a create tool-teet peach a dies Charatte.

Mitsologee distribute a light new steam;

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Take William to the other thond take once (d.T.),

A second country and a second and a second and a second

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Here's all the parameter basis of the few of the second the second the second the second that the second the second the second that the second the second that the second the second that the

e majoridi.

Groan'd, fainted, funk, then took a last adieu, And breathed his soul out on the billet-doux.

JUPITER

Thou levely cause of all my word he cryth.

## JUPITER and the CLOWN.

Then heb'd, and two e. and went, and (were and

# A B L E.

NVY! thou Fiend, whose venomed sting Still points to Fame's aspiring wing; Whose breath, blue sulphur's blasting steam, Whose eye the basilisk's lightning-gleam; Say, through the dun ile's folemn round, Where Death's dread foot-step prints the ground, Lovest thou to haunt the yawning tomb, And crush fallen Grandeur's dusty plume? Or, where the wild Hyæna's yell Rings thro' the hermit's cavern'd cell, Moves thy black wing its devious flight? (Thy wing that bloats the cheek of Night) There oft beneath some hoary wall Thy stings are dipt in scorpion's gall; Thence whizzing springs the forky dart, And spreads its poison to the heart.

HENCE all th' unnumber'd cares of life, Hence malice, fury, rapine, strife;

Hence

Hence all exclaim on partial fate;

Hence pale Revenge, and stern Debate;

Hence man (to every passion prone)

Sees much, loves all;—but hates his own.

Now, Delia, should she chance to know

Some trisling fool,—perhaps—a beau,

The fair at once implores the skies,

With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes;

O, hear your Votary's earnest prayer,

Ye guardian angels of the fair!

Make but this charming creature prove

A victim to the power of love:

'Tis this, Ye Gods, I would implore!

And grant but this;—I ask no more.

THE prayer is heard (what power delays
To grant her suit when Delia prays!)
The beau is caught, he swears, and bows,
Protests, and snuffs, and sweats, and vows
By all the oaths the fool can swear,
That never creature was so fair:
Then adds a thousand more, to tell
That never mortal loved so well.

THE prize is gain'd—the pleasure o'er; Lace, bag, and snuff-box charm no more: West contained the bloods prime with W

No bosom feels the killing smart,
No side-long glance betrays the heart,
No san conceals a rival's fears,
No cheek is stain'd with spiteful tears.
On new delights her passions six,
A court perhaps, or coach and six,
She wants a ball, and justly vain,
Admires a title,—or a cane.

But ere our reader's patience fail,
'Tis time we now begin our tale.

An honest Farmer, old and sage,
(Sure wisdom still attends on age)
One morning rose, when all was fair,
And joyous breathed the scented air.
Waked by the Zephyr's tepid wing,
Aurora, fragrant as the Spring,
Rose from her couch, the busy Hours
Stole from their crimson-curtain'd bowers;
Loose was her robe of saffron hue,
Her locks diffused ambrosial dew;
The sky's broad gates at once unfold,
The light cloud slames with cinctured gold;
The woodland gleams, the silver stream
Waves to the broad sun's sluttering beam;

The

Differ to their continues of the difference of

The feather'd people fing their love,
And music rings along the grove.

ELATE, the happy clown surveyed
The sield wide-opening thro' the shade;
The green ears rustling to the gale
Shot thro' the thin night's russled veil;
Slow rose to sight the new-born day,
Slow crept the lingering shades away,
'Till o'er the broad hill's summit dun
Obliquely glanc'd the mounting sun;
And all-illumed with rushing light,
The swelling landskip burst to sight.

As the fond Mother's panting breaft
Throbs o'er her infant hush'd to rest,
Warm in his little hut, the boy
Flutters elate with rising joy;
As by her gentle pressure sway'd,
Swings soft and slow the sleepy bed;
Wild Fancy whispers in her ear,
She whirls away the rolling year!
Youth, manhood comes! she marks afar
A robe, a mitre, or a f—r!
Her heart leaps quick! elate with pride!
Each prude's insulting dress outvyed!

trab and only a biging Each

B

Each neighbour's booby son, unseen,
Gnaws the pale lip with fruitless spleen!
Sudden she starts! some rival dress'd,
Swims in the loosely-floating vest,
Her bosom heaves a sullen groan:—
Ah! was that charming suit my own!

SUCH joy (foon check'd with killing fmart)
Shot thro' the fwains exulting heart;
He hears the reaper's sprightly song:
The rustling sickle sweeps along;
His barns with swelling sheaves are stored,
Gay Plenty crowns the festive board;
He cries in triumph, with a smile,
"For hopes like these who would not toil,
"That neither flatter, nor beguile?"

Just as he spoke the word,—behold
A gaudy thing, o'erlaid with gold,
Came fluttering by!—so nicely clad,
With powder'd wig, and laced brocade;
So gay, so rich (though strange to tell!)
No buttersy look'd half so well.

STRUCK with the glittering vest he wore, The clown's rude eye-ball stared him o'er; Sly Envy mark'd the secret snare, Then pick'd a chosen dart with care; Of power to edge the quickest pain;—
Then plunged it recking in his brain.
Inflamed with fury and surprize,
Red Anger stashes from his eyes

- " Must I (he cryed and scratch'd his head)
- " Supply this prattling thing with bread?
- " Must Farmers sweat, and wear their cloaths,
- To furnith equipage for beaux?
- "We, Drudges doom'd to ceaseless toil,
- "For others tear the stubborn foil,
- Our thoughts suspence and fears inflame,
- " Wretched and curs'd beyond a name;
- "While these amid' the balmy bower,
- " Spend in foft ease the fleeting hour; Salara A
- " How fine they look! what charms they show,
- \* Ah! would to heav'n I was a Beau!"

Sort Pity touch'd th' Almighty Sire:

Jove heard, and granted his defire.

At once his furrow'd brow was smooth,

In all the blooming pride of youth;

His hair in wavy ringlets flow'd,

His cheek with fine vermilion glow'd;

Not like our modern pigmy race,

With wither'd limbs, and meagre face,

But plump and spruce he'd match'd a score;

Such were the Beaux in days of yore.

and'I'

K

Gay

. Mast Farmers freast, and wear their charies,

Gay pleasure danc'd in every limb,

He skimm'd along with airy swim;

The God, propitious to his prayer,

Gave the soft look, and graceful air;

But wrapt in dreams of bliss, the Fool

Forgot his pocket, and his soul.

When thus transform'd, our glittering Beau
Surveyed himself from top to toe,
Struck at the change with vast surprize,
He stared, and scarce believed his eyes.
But when he sound that all was sure,
He cock'd his hat, and frown'd and swore;
Applauded by the wondering throng,
The sullen Heroe strode along:
And while the swains in rude amaze
Mark his high port with stupid gaze,
Like Jove with solemn pace he trod,
And deign'd,—yet scarcely deign'd,—to nod.

But now to town he takes his way,
And fees the court, the park, the play;
Attends the Fair, admir'd by all,
Leads the gay dance, and rules the ball.
"Heav'ns! what a shape! fair Daphne cries,

" How fine his mien! how bright his eyes!"

Thus

Thus all admire the charms they fee,

His cane that dangled at his knee,

His box and hat they view together,—

Some prais'd the paint, and some the feather;

No english taylor's clumsy fist

E'er match'd the sleeve that graced his wrist;

The lace,—from Brussels last;—by chance

He pick'd the brilliant up in France.

His coat so trim! so neat his shoe!

His limbs so shaped to strut, or—bow!

Fashion, you'd swear, to show her power,

Had left dear Paris half an hour.

But, ah! with grief the muse proceeds:
What power can mend the vulgar's deeds!
One night a coachman set him down,
Then rudely ask'd him—half a crown.
He search'd his pocket;—what a curse?
His pocket held—an empty purse!
What should he do!—all aid withdrawn!
Cane, box, and watch, were sent to pawn;
His brilliant too ('t had vex'd a saist)
Gained a sew crowns—at cent per cent!
No friend his money can afford:
He gamed,—a sharper swept the board.

: They will be an regardees a will be derived to be.

sounds ad - hat alshard min--, and od T

come i m an significa elle sinio e li

though aid such on theirs to most entit

Isladical part or topical stadmit still

Ind left dear Parishall as a rail fall

II. pooled ledden aggain equities Vitarilloudelle do 1—44 and recipies Care, box, and warph, were lest a His brilliant no. Y. Bill Wild Strate.

Mo Wiend this tabe a water will best in old

Gained a low transmissaft cent on a panico

He gamed, - a flip for two or the Long off

P. Brien, von Charle, to the I bet sewer,

Bor, and wallefreening man and to

Visit cowards and some manager with (1)
One sight a cost (washing the solid cost)

THEN scorn'd by all,—in deep despair,

To Jove once more he made his prayer,

And begg'd the God to ease his pain,

And give him back his plough again.

Compared that we had oblig vision on it

ntikenisten Milono ovi

HIT

Wile fed the tenance of the plant.

An however week the secretary doom?

#### AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of a LINNET.

SWEET bird! whose gently warbled lay On Fancy's trembling pinnions born, Still melts th' attending soul away, Still hails the rosy-featured morn,

Where flits unloos'd th' aerial mind,
That once inform'd thy tuneful frame?
Mounts it elate the whistling wind?
Or rides the bright noon's streamy flame?

Or on the bleak heath wails alone, Or haunts the deep-embowering grove, Breathes on the gale its dying moan, And pours the plaint of hopeless love?

Hark! what sweet voice salutes my ear! What solemn note that tells of woe! I see the little mourner near! Thus streams its music from the bough,

Oppredica

Why feel the tenants of the plain,
An harmless race, the general doom?
Why Innocence, thy spotless train,
Why left to fill the filent tomb?

Scarce taught with genial warmth to glow, As on the downy couch I lay; Sprung on my fight th' exulting foe, And bore elate his helpless prey.

Nought then avail'd a Parent's pray'r, Nought the wild Mother's mournful cry; Vain was the shrick that spoke despair, And vain the mute imploring eye.

Ah, why! in simple garb array'd, O'er me no spangling tints were seen, Nor circling scarlet crown'd my head, Nor stam'd my plumes with lucid green.

Some bird in mantling azure bright, Some gayer form thy cage may hold; Whose sparkling eye reslects the light, Whose plumage gleams with downy gold,

Slow roll'd the lingering hour away, The trembling wing oft 'try'd to foar;

Oppression

and plant

Oppression mock'd its faint essay, And Bondage barr'd her iron door.

Can Music soothe the deafned ear?
Will Hope's gay dream repel the tide?
Will Pray'r recal the distant year?
Or Pity touch the heart of Pride?

To fofter chains at last consign'd,
"Twas joy to please the listening fair;
I sought no more to mount the wind,
But paid with songs their tender care.

No more a prey to vain desire,

I scorn'd the tenants of the wood;

Hopp'd gaily round the circling wire,

And peck'd the hand that lent my food.

But, Death!—abrupt along the gale,
Dy'd on the ear the distant moan;
The Mourner sought the silent vale,
Lurk'd in the shade, and wail'd alone.

satisfies where Minocks

AN

the favorest films a part of the introduction of an Allegorical I dens

Explored the valeer de mide, remed

High the free leave leave, or not constitute,

Her cloud, the State that it works and I are

of Mark & Editions and About the Pulling And American

#### AN EVENING PIECE\*.

Orpredion mock'd its faint effor

Spread her grey robe, the solitary Hour
To Silence facred and deep-musing Thought
Came sweetly serious on the balmy gale,
And stole the ear of Wisdom:—all was still,
Save where slow-trilling from the mantling bough
Night's plaintive warbler, to the echoing vale
Pour'd her love-labour'd note: mellisluous lay!
Sweet as the voice of Music, when she calls
The sluttering Zephirs to expand their wings,
And breathe it to the soul. The melting strains
Thus soothed my throbbing bosom to a calm.

Explored the vale of Solitude, retired

Like that where Ancient Druids liv'd remote

Conversing with the moon;—and airy shapes
(So Fame reports) beneath the wan dim ray

Sweep shadowy o'er the dusky lawn, or soar

High on the streamy slame, or ride the winds,

Or hear the murmuring flood; when Darkness wraps

Her cloudy curtain round the world, and Fear

Knocks

These verses form a part of the introduction of an Allegorical Poem pot yet published.

Knocks at the heart of man. Such is the haunt
Of fairy trains, when filver tips the grove;
That on the lily's ruffling bells disport,
Or hear the wild winds whistle, or reposed
Lye on the daisy's downy lap, or spring
Light as the glancing beam, from flower to flower,
And suck the powdering of a cowslip's eye
And drink the pearly dew.—Thro' this lone shade
Wrapt deep in thought that pain'd at once and charm'd,
I rov'd with devious step; nor heard the rill
That murmur'd sweet, nor listen'd to the gale
That kiss'd the bending thyme, and from its wings
Shook all Arabia's fragrance thro' the air.

I GAZED in awful filence on the scene
Fann'd with the breath of dewy-singer'd Eve;
And selt the stream of deep delightful thought
Come sull and copious on my swelling soul
That thrill'd in every nerve.—" Hail, Yelone shades,"
(I thus began) "Ye woods, and streams, and groves
"Where Beauty loves to sport! where meek-eyed
Peace

"The hand thursburged Creation, and from eight

- " Disfolves on flowers luxuriant, where the foot
- " Of Quiet prints the devious wild, where Love
- " And Pleasure leaning on the hand of Hope
- Fledge their celestial wings, and eye the skies.

- " O mid you murmuring wood at ease reclined,
- " Where Nature hears the wildly-warbling lay
- " Of Night's lone bird; how fweet to fit retired!
- " To feel th' enlivening wish, to mount the soul
- " Elate on Fancy's beamy wing; to pour
- " Quick thro' the feeling heart th' inspiring lay,
- " That finely vibrates on the springs of thought,
- " And wakes the mental harmony; the smile De A
- "Of calm Content, when tuned to perfect ease, //
- " Subfides the Difcord of the fettling mind,
- " And Reason whispers peace :- o'er the broad scene
- " To glance a wondering eye, and mark the Caufe
- "Whence sprung this beauteous off-spring, to adore
- " The hand that shaped Creation, and from night
- " Call'd new-born Beauty, like the glittering beam
- " That gilds you shadowy cloud; combining all
- " The schemes of Wisdom to the glorious end
- " Of General Good (though Judgment's purblindeye
- " Darts o'er the varied maze her glance in vain)
- " That Virtue, Wisdom, Happiness may rise
- " From the long beauteous chain resulting fair,
- "And pour their treasures on the sons of Men."

people this election and water tale O. 10 1

And Flembre itselag on the hard of Mone

leader their colon at wings, said are the liking

Gloomy Care with mildew'd wing

Soon will blaft that bluffling foring;

### To Miss---. With a FLOWER.

I hough each voice thy worth prochim; E L I A, mark that blowing role, How the levely bloffen glows! Spread in you reclining vale had all more can be see Its odours fcent the breathing gale; Such thy Youth's delightful bloom, Thy lips diffuse such fine perfume. Mark that lily's milky white, See its glowing charms unite! How they languish o'er the stream, Pure as Heaven's ethereal beam! Such where the blue veins finely glow. Thy hand unstain'd as driven snow; Such thy life to trial brought, Such the whiteness of thy thought; Yet the flower that decks the mead Soon will droop its tender head; Soon, when nipping frosts invade, All its glittering dyes will fade; Till its leaves in swift decay Scent some gale, and breathe away. So when Time, relentless Foe! Strows his wrinkles on thy brow,

Gloomy

in fag get the beautiful gale; foot the kount of delightful function. The line of this turn is no perfector.

Alan Straight was been been

Sob it's glogeled charase unite!

Pare as Medwerfere from I bear and I

discord land of all well don?

How they maginified or the breads.

Such where the blue want finds close

word a wish on bigishoo ke of the

Yet the dower that decks the mest. Soon will droop just tender lead ; Soon, when apping in it invade.

All its chinesing dyes will I do;

So when Thing, releaded flee!

terowe his wainkles on the brows

Seent formeteale, and been be award

Tall its leaves in iwift decay

Cloden

Gloomy Care with mildew'd wing
Soon will blast that blushing spring;
Till ev'n Thou, though form'd to please,
Blest with beauty, wit, and ease;
Though each voice thy worth proclaim,
Though the Graces shaped thy frame:
Thou,—but I can add no more.

Read the moral in the flower,

Adamon Villa 10 10 SAPPHO's

e. Why firemes with grief that frankling eye?

e i P of the falls delicating youth the fall

Drawer of the analysis of the leading of the lead of t

del vilramid ellavor al 😁

i sow or you a my bair a prov to wee i

## SAPPHO'S ODE to VENUS TRANSLATED.

G AY smiling Venus, heavinly fair,
To whom our lofty Temples rise!
Who gently lay'st the secret snare,
In which the bleeding lover dies.

Propitious Power, my foul inspire,
And shield from every danger nigh;
Descend, and tune my warbling lyre,
If e'er Thou heard'st a lover's cry.

Thus while I fung, to ease my care

From heav'n the radiant Goddess flew;

I mark'd her track along the air;

Her carr the swift-wing'd sparrows drew.

Then—with a foft inviting smile:

- What fears thy troubled thoughts controul?
- " Why call'st Thou Me? What hopes beguile,
- " What wishes soothe thy melting soul?

" Why

#### MISCELLANEOUS

" Why is my Fair a prey to woe?

142

- " Why streams with grief that sparkling eye?
- "Why must thy heaving bosom glow?
- " O tell, my Sappho, tell me why.
- " If of the false deluding youth
- "Thy lyre in dying notes complains,
- " Soon he'll reward thy fteady truth,
- "And take the gifts he now disdains.
- " If now He shuns thy longing arms,

In which the bleeding lov

If c'er'l hou bene'll a love

Her carr the fwift-wine'd tharrows draw.

" What wither foother thy meluoi loui?

Toomore the call of Their Mark begains

Then with a fall institled a life - natt

- " Soon will he own your mighty fway,
- "Adore these bright resistless charms,
- " And all your foft commands obey."

O Thou, my Guardian, and my Friend!

Allay these fierce destructive fires!

O from you azure skies descend!

And grant me all my soul desires.

Learning to the last on a price and all of the last of the

mildren out good directly only mently

## To the Memory of Mrs.---\*.

IS done:—the foul hath left its foft abode: How pale the cheek where warmth and beauty glow'd!

Where now those charms that held th' admiring fight? The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright? Th' attractive smile by Nature taught to please? The mien that temper'd dignity with ease? Ah where !- Yon folemn filent vault furvey. Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay; There read on Pride's stain'd cheek the general doom; Then pause: - while Memory bleeds upon the tomb.

O SNATCH'D from life to taste of blis refin'd! How warm with transport glows th'unbounded mind! Say, marks thy wondering foul in raptured gaze, The domes all-gleaming with celeftial rays? Sees the bright Quire in long procession move? Or melts to notes that breathe eternal love?

The Lady to whose memory (if they have any) lies in expressing these verses are inscribed, died in the the language of the heart, a cirend of the year 1753, and the Poem cumstance which induced the Aumonths afterwards. Their merit in a few of the introductory lines.

was wrote and published a few thor to make no alteration, unless

Or floats loose-hovering on celestial wings?

Or hears some Cherub sweep the trembling strings?

Or tries sublime the swelling Hymn to raise,

And tunes the warbling lute to songs of praise.

PERHAPS, while we th' untimely stroke bemoan, Thou bend'st adoring at th' Eternal's throne; While from our eye-balls burst the streams of woe, Thine happier soul can wonder why they slow; Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs, Can bless the hour that sent thee to the skies.

The mich that temper dalg

YET must our sorrows stain thy mournful bier;
Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.

Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd;
The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
Its sire chastis'd by cool directing thought;
Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
The kindling transport, and the judging head,
The thought which Art and candid Taste refine;
The generous wish, the feeling soul was thine.

LAMENTED stroke!—O lost so late, so soon!
'Twas heav'n bestow'd, and heav'n recall'd the boon.
But ah, what sighs our throbbing bosoms rend!
The helpless Orphan, Husband, Father, Friend,
From

From burfting hearts the stream of Anguish shed, And pour their mingling forrows o'er thy bed. We saw but late the budding roses blow, Like fruit that blushes on the bending bough; But late th' unfolding blossoms breath'd perfume. Till Death Rept in, and lopp'd them in the bloom. Thought, treacherous Thought! and Reafon join the'

YE tender pair! \*- as yet untaught to fmart. Too young to feel the Fiend's envenom'd dart; Where now the lenient hand, th' indulgent breaft, The gentle voice that footh'd your fouls to rest? The tender Mother, who but lately near, Kis'd from your swimming eyes the starting tear; Who hung delighted o'er your infant charms, Who classed you smiling in her folding arms; Saw in your look the forming with begin, And hush'd to peace the little war within Then calm reflection flendy and feeting

O GUILTLESS Innocence! ferene and plain, How mild, how welcome thy transporting reign! The spotless Child of Harmony and Love, Fair as the morn, and harmless as the dove, That views, unmov'd, the deep designs of Art, Plays with the shaft that's pointed at its heart; a sorol hat allow die Lawollid grinout Beholds

Hound, Norm, and roar impetuous in their court : · Her children.

Beholds approaching ruin,—nor retires,
But meets the blow,—then feels it,—and expires.

GRIEF, cool and fubtle, forms a bolder plan,
It spares the child, but preys upon the man;
Unseen it moves, the work is sure, though flow,
Thought, treacherous Thought! and Reason join the

The centle voice that footbyl rour fouls to real:?

We law but late the boddlise, roles blow,

Too late the unhappy victim views his doom.

Laments the past, and dreads the woes to come.

Not thus unhing'd, thy firmer foul furvey'd
Th' impending cloud that blacken'd o'er thy head;
On Fortune's giddy wheel look'd greatly down,
Despis'd her smiles, nor trembled at her frown.
Intrepid, searless when the Foe drew nigh,
Thy bosom heav'd with no untimely sigh;
Then calm reflection steady and sedate,
Then views superior to the wrongs of Fate,
Then heav'n-born Virtue's keen directing ray
Pour'd through the deepning gloom the blaze of day.

So some proud rock projected o'er the tide,
O'erlooks an ocean thundering on its side;
Though gathering billows with collected force
Bound, foam, and roar impetuous in their course;
Though

Though o'er the seas the rapid whirlwinds sweep,
Though storms and tempests work the madning deep
It bears unshaken its erected brow,
Nor dreads the wave that breaks and boils below.

Such was thy mind:—but O, how warm, how bright!

The languid pencil casts too faint a light.

Now nobler views th' unprison'd soul inspire.

Rapt by the themes that prompt the Seraph's lyre,

Thy mind elate surveys its former doom;

Supreme o'er death, and smiling at the tomb.

Life soon expires, and though 'tis fancy'd long,
Youth dies a child, and Age itself is young:
Pass but one cloudy scene,—'tis quickly done,
We leave the earth, behold the bursting noon,
Mount o'er the skies, reign, triumph, and adore,
Where Grief shall blast, and Death shall sting no
more.

By thore the Lindy sour word any oyes have of

The dazzling my that brighten's, glam'd, and fled.

As in Come dangebt the Oftening pencil flows,

the mental naits by Natura's centil wrought,

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Though dorse and somethic sort of report

Such was thy aring the dut O to the

The languid pencil cultatto tidat a light

#### It bears unibaken is H Ted dorT

## Memory of Mr. H\*\*\* M\*\*\*.

#### ANELEGY

PAREWEL, sweet shade;—O just beheld and gone!

Lop'd like some blossom ere 'tis fully blown,

Blest with each finer art that boasts to please,

Wit, spirit, genius, beauty, taste, and ease;

Whate'er informing Nature could bestow,

Our pride and hope, our wonder, and our woe.

O EARLY fled to the congenial skies!

Sent like some darting beam that flames and dies!

Some fire-rob'd cloud that pours unusual day,

A glancing flash! then breaks and bursts away.

So shone thy soul;—our wond'ring eyes survey'd

The dazzling ray that brighten'd, gleam'd, and fled.

As in some draught the soft'ning pencil flows, And the warm blush of living beauty glows; The mental traits by Nature's pencil wrought, Improv'd by learning, and refin'd by thought, As thro' some mirror's vivid medium seen, Liv'd in thy look, and charm'd us in thy mien.

Informing Art bestow'd her genial pow'r,
To warm the soil, and rear the tender flow'r.
Ev'n Fortune smil'd by Reason once controul'd,
And shook her glitt'ring plumes that slam'd with golds
Pour'd all her stores, and gave thy form to move
With melting sweetness, and the smiles of love.
At last Ambition came!—each young desire
Felt her bold hand, and slam'd with noble sire.
O glorious thirst of praise! dear fatal slame!
That mounts the passions on the wings of Fame,
Like lightning springs to seize th' expected prey,
And strikes the heart, and whirls the soul away.

'Twas this that bore Thee from thy country' far,
To brave the deep, and court the storm of war:
Ah ne'er again in careless ease to rove!
Ah ne'er to taste the sweets of silial love!
To paint the scenes where rage and war prevail!
To hang thy list ning audience on the tale!
No more the joys of former loves to trace,
To melt with sondness in a Friend's embrace,
Or, struck with Nature's strong resistless charms,
To spring with transport to a Parent's arms.

No

As thro' force mirror's visid medium for

O FLED unhop'd to find an early tomb!
O lost untimely in thy vernal bloom!
No tender hand, no weeping kindred near,
No Friend, to stretch Thee on the fun'ral bier;
No Parent's care to fold thy swimming eyes,
Kiss thy pale lips, and catch thy dying sighs,
Hang deeply-mournful, 'till their hearts o'erslow,
And melt in streams of sympathising woe!
On stony breasts th' infecting sorrow stole,
And soft'ning Pity touch'd the Stranger's soul,
As bending o'er Thee stood the tribes unknown,
Ev'n Toil's rough bosom heav'd a bursting groan;
War's grisly front the masque of Anguish wears,
And Fury's marble heart was thaw'd to tears.

YET whence the grief these solemn scenes inspire? Why o'er thy mem'ry 'plains the mournful lyre? Why weep thy fate?—releas'd to heav'nly joys, From these bleak climes of tumult, care, and noise: Escap'd from Passion's rage, from Envy's snare, 'The dreams of Grandeur, and the stings of care; From all that Love, Fear, Reason, Grief reveal, 'The pangs we fansy, and the pangs we feel.

O EARLY call'd to join th' immortal throng! Where no pale Care disturbs thy sweeter song;

No billows roar, no damp Contagions \* rife, No frown appears o'er all the cloudless skies; But from the fource of light, a brightning ray Pours the warm funshine of eternal day; Angelic harps the springs of transport move, And the foul melts in vision, and in love.

From thence, perhaps, thy pitying eye descries, What once Ambition thought a glorious prize, Looks down superior on th' unequal strife; 300 And marks us struggling thro' the storm of life. A So when the diftant Mariner furveys The low ring tempest, and the boiling seas; A had O'er their black bosom sees the whirlwind ravel And the ship nodding on the ridgy wave! He breathes the figh of Pity o'er the scene, Then mid' the roar of thunder fits ferene; Peace waves her gentle olives o'er his head, And his clos'd eyes fleep fweetly in the shade.

er or tuoned out had enduch a

Whole

wing.

single to leave perfolent force with ich ceive from Mr. Hungang.

There's her wild flight, and grund her Gembling

<sup>\*</sup> This young gentleman (the only commanded by admiral BYNG, inhope of a family of distinction in the which he was early promoted, as the North of Scotland) died of a conta- reward of his gallant behaviour on gious distemper on board of the fleet the memorable 20th of May, 1756.

No billows roof, no damp Christians \* mil.

And the foul melts lawridge, and la love.

Nown arosens obtained the land of the

To the Memory of the late pious and ingenious Mr. HERVEY.

A S rapt in thought the musing mind survey'd

The vain of life, and walk'd the deepning

Shade;

O'er Care's broad empire casts its trembling view,
And mark'd the slying traits that Fancy drew;
Her magic hand at once transform'd the scene,
And show'd the spot where Hervey sleeps screne;
Stretch'd where lone Silence haunts the solemn gloom,
Where Thought's keen eye explores the peaceful tomb,

Where Pleasure's glitt'ring dreams at last are o'er, And Love's soft music charms the soul no more.

THRILL'D as I view'd, the streaming tears o'erflow,

From the big bosom bursts the sighs of woe:

Her friend now lost \* who taught the muse to sing,

Check'd her wild slight, and prun'd her trembling wing,

Whofe

<sup>\*</sup> This and the five subsequent lines the Author had the honour to reallude to some personal favours which ceive from Mr. HERVEY,

Whose candid praise with eager hope inspir'd,
Whose censure chasten'd, and whose genius fir'd,
Abash'd she stood,—her bold essays were vain,
Nor tun'd the harp, nor pour'd the plaintive strain,

Whee'd where no cares th' explice with control !

WHEN lo! unfolding from the blaze of light! A Form all-beauteous flash'd upon the fight! The robes of heav'n involv'd his dazzling frame, And his eyes sparkled with celestial stame: High o'er his brow the waving radiance play'd, An orient crown inclos'd his beamy head; His lip with Beauty's fine vermillion glow'd, And flow'rs spontaneous blossom'd as he trod. 'Twas GENIUS: - pauling o'er the facred dead, His bright eye languish'd, and the roses fled, His moan remurmur'd o'er the ecchoing vale, His heav'n-wove robe hung loofen'd on the gale; He fnatch'd the lyre, and pour'd the melting lay That strikes the heart, and charms the foul away; Dull Night fat lift'ning on her cloud-wrapt throne, And white-lip'd Anguish curb'd the bursting groan; On Care's wild thought the tuneful accents flow, And founds melodious thrill'd the ear of woe,

Thro' Dearth's black shows I true a thy debious war,

Ranffor zerot voin Town Whole bathed beit of

"O CALL'D at last th' ALMIGHTY's praise to

Whole candid praile with eager hand impired.

- " Where oft thy genius tow'r'd with daring wing!
- " Plac'd where no cares th' exulting wish controul!
- " Blest with the joys that fir'd thy kindling soul
- "Though fmiles no more the placid eye ferene, A
- " Nor rove the Graces o'er some pictur'd scene;
- "Though fnatch'd from all thy boundless hope design'd,
- " When Life's full summer warm'd thy ripening mind:
- "Yet not these themes the plaintive muse detain,
- " Thy friend, thy country claims the mournful strain;
- " Since loft each nobler plan thy foul had wrought,"
- " Since stopt the stream of sweet persuasive thoughts
- " Fled the bright noon thy burfting blaze had giv'n,
- " And mute the voice that wrapt the foul to heav'n.
  - "STROW'D o'er thy page what beauteous traits appear!

He fasteful the lyre, and post of the michael

- "What melting music steals the list ning ear! A
- "Twas I whose pow'r the living picture caught,
- " 'Twas I whose pencil ting'd the glowing draught:
- " Thro' Death's black gloom I trac'd thy dubious way,
- " That kindred gloom, where Fancy loves to stray!

" Then

- "Then led thee, circled with the laughing hours,
- " Where sport young Zephyrs o'er the waste of flowr's
- " With richer strokes the warm description wrought,
- "And touch'd with transport all the springs of thought.
- " Mine was the ray on Night's dim curtain thrown,
- " And mine the glass where gay Creation shone;
- " Mine the bold wing that shot where Tempests rise,
- " And mine the flight that reach'd the flarry Skies."

HE ceas'd :- for fudden on the wond'ring gaze, From heav'n's broad concave burst the rapid blaze! At once descending from the realms on high, An angel-shape arrests the dazzled eye! Loose o'er her limbs the floating garment roll'd, Her sparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold, Her eyes like lightning glanc'd a piercing ray, And all th' illumin'd æther gleam'd with day ! Near as she came, superior though resign'd, Her Form majestic aw'd the dubious mind; With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd, Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd; Her balmy breath ambrofial fcents perfume, And o'er her cheek was pour'd celestial bloom. Pale Sorrow brightned as RELIGION came, And flow-pac'd Time stood trembling at the name; Rage

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Rage dragg'd in triumph swell'd her solemn train, And Death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his chain,

SHE paus'd,—and musing o'er the sun'ral bier,
Sigh'd deeply-sad, and pour'd a tender tear;
Then check'd its course; and brightning as the sun
She look'd to heav'n serene, and thus begun;

- " HAIL, thou escap'd to yonder worlds above;
- " Hail, join'd to faints that melt in strains of love!
- " At last 'tis come! the bright transforming day!
- " Th' exulting spirit bursts, and soars away!
- " Loose are its bars! and gain'd th' immortal prize,
- " It breathes of heav'n fublime, and walks the skies!
- " But late my hand you beauteous scenes display'd,
- " And led thy steps thro' Life's perplexing shade!
- " The vivid wish a distant prospect brought,
- " The rapt foul trembling o'er the verge of thought!
- "Yet then what transport taught thy hope to foar!
- " How flam'd the kindling look that glanc'd it o'er!
- " How Fancy's touch the glowing draught refin'd!
- " And light celestial pour'd upon the mind."
  - "A RACE unborn thy genius shall inspire,
- " And fouls yet dark'ned catch sublime desire.—
- "When to thy page, in some sequester'd bow'r,
- " Calm musing Thought devotes the serious hour:

- " Just when Aspasia's strain has warm'd the breast,
- " When Quiet foothes the fettling foul to rest;
- "Then shall my hand superior pow'r impart,
- "Then Love's perfualive lay shall melt the heart;
- " Then shall Religion's purest beams be giv'n:
- " Now rest in Peace."-She said, and soar'd to heav'n.

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form Paron's totry brow in Armician came;

All bear's with terror view distinction a came;

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All bear's with terror view distinction through a search

All add the bane cach; and enemal postels glow I are

Each rocking magnitude haw'd, and group distort?

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And Fure, roaning with tained ous cries,

And france Pain that tears her burning even;

And france Pain that tears her burning even;

And france Pain that tears her burning even;

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Then appriced at bound, and with one than command.

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There's are already good during a subject to and without me

" When Quiet foother the letting foot to call;

# THE Third Chapter of HABAKKUK PARAPHRASED.

WRAPT in the blaze of bright furrounding flame,

From Paran's lofty brow th' ALMIGHTY came:
All heav'n with terror view'd His rifing frown,
His dazzling eyes with living splendor shone,
Blaz'd the blue arch! th' eternal portals glow!
Each rocking mountain bow'd, and groan'd below!
A troop of ghastly phantomes strode before,
Blue blasting Plague, and War that floats in gore;
Loud Fury, roaring with tumult'ous cries,
And frantic Pain that tears her burning eyes;
Revenge, that boils like some fermenting flood,
Grief that consumes, and Rage that weeps in blood.

On Judah's broad domain He cast His view;
His eyes all-radiant piercing as He slew!
Then mark'd its bound, and with one stern command.
Th'affrighted nations shook, and swept them from the land.

Then

Then heav'n-bred Terror seiz'd on ev'ry soul,
And rock'd the labouring earth from pole to pole;
Creation totter'd at the dreadful sound!
Groan'd all the hills! and burst the solid ground!
The sweeping winds each tow'ring mountain bear
Full on their wings, and whirl them in the air!

Reach frame and thakes, adoversing tempolishic,

On Cushan's tents He aim'd a fatal blow,
And Midian trembled at th' Almighty Foe.
He call'd the deep:—its tumbling waves obey;
Th'astonish'd slood roll'd back to make Him way!
Whence rose His ire? did ere the flood displease
Its God?—or raged His sury on the seas?
When Israel's wond'ring hosts Jehovah led,
Why shrunk the backward rivers to their head?
Why roar'd the Ocean from its inmost caves?
What arm repress'd, and froze the boiling waves?
O'er its broad bosom heav'n's Eternal rode,
The waves divide before th' advancing God!
In heaps the cleaving billows lay o'erthrown,
He stopp'd their course, and touch'd them into stone!

Lo, where he comes!—descending from afar
In all the pomp of desolating war!
His cloudy brow with frowning vengeance low'rs.
And bursting round the forky thunder roars.

See His red arm unsheaths the shining spear The glitt'ring blade hangs naked in the air! rt rends the rock !- from all its gushing veins A fwelling deluge burits, and pours along the plains. Hark, He commands !- obedient to His will, The pale Moon quakes, th' airefted Sun stands \* still! Earth hears and shakes, devouring tempests rife, Thick clouds and whirlwinds blacken all the fkies: Tremble the poles! in wild confusion thrown Sink the Reep Hills, th' eternal Mountains groan: The woodly d shood roll'd back to make Him way

WHAT dire portents my wond'ring foul affright! What scenes of terror swim before my sight! See mighty Babylon (fo heav'n ordains) The scourge of God! stalks wildly o'er our plains! Sweeps like fome swelling flood our hosts away. Or swift as lightning springs, and grasps the prey.

YET fear not, Ifrael, at his dreadful ire: Thou fav'tire child of heav'n's exalted Sire! What though pale Rage, in her triumphant car, Drives o'er thy fields, and founds the blaft of war! value most sentencipal-tesinos at oradio What

Charita broad before bearing a Rietred colle.

fentiment, as itis feemingly repugnant to the fystem of COPERNICUS. He chose however to prefer this meaning

\* The Author is sensible that there of the words to any other, as it is exmay appear some impropriety in this attly conformable to the original, and as it may be supposed to refer only to the motion of the fun round his own

What though thy warriors load the purple plain! Though bellowing Slaughter strides o'er heaps of slain! Though Horror numbs thy sense, and freezes ev'ry vein! Thus spurns this foes, and bends the brow of pride: Yet know, those wounds avenging Justice gave, Stern Ire impell'd, but Mercy meant to save. Triumphant Mercy! that exalts the low, Sighs o'er th' oppress'd, and melts at human woe! Wipes ev'ry tear, bids pining Anguish cease; And pours o'er all the healing balm of peace.

But see once more th' intrepid Victor near;
The shouts of battle thunder on my ear!
Mark, mark you yielding throng!—'tis Israel slies!
Groans, noise, despair, and tumult rend the skies.
I faint: o'erpow'r'd beneath the whelming slood,
Wild numbing Grief congeals my creeping blood;
I see, I shudder at th' approaching train!
My lips too quiver with convulsive pain:
Fix'd dumb with horror at this dreadful blow,
I stand,—a speechless monument of woe!

YET, Mighty God!—be all my pow'rs refign'd!

And thine each nobler hope that warms the mind.

Then though no more to crown the peafant's toil,

The bleeding olive stream with sacred oil;

M Though

Though figs no more their leafy tendrils join,
Though fcorching lightning blast the budding vine;
Though the rough steed lie panting on the plain,
Nor wave th' autumnal fields with golden grain:
Yet shall my foul thy wond'rous grace proclaim,
Yet this fond heart shall triumph in thy name.
When o'er the earth Thou wav'st th' avenging rod,
When Nature trembles at an angry God;
When the bold breast, with terror not its own,
Shakes at thy voice, and withers at thy frown;
Then by no storms dismay'd, no fears deprest,
In Thee my soul shall find perpetual rest;
O'er me secure thy hov'ring wings shall spread,
And Sleep's mild opiate bless my peaceful bed \*.

\* The Reader will eafily observe that this chapter hath been paraphrafed with some liberty. The beauties of it are thick sown. The expression is uncommonly sublime, the sigures bold, the painting rich, and the description animated. The Author hath enlarged on some verses, transposed

or even omitted others, and given such a turn to the rest, as may convey most perspicuously the meaning of the Prophet. Upon the whole, he hath endeavoured to paint some striking seatures; but where he found it impossible in any measure to equal, he had not the temerity of attempting to imitate.

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